The Outlook

Volume 139 April 29, 1925 Number 17

The German Elections

BY one of those errors which editors cannot ascribe to compositors or proof-readers, we assumed that our comment last week on the German elections would not be read until after they had taken place. Otherwise what we said then still holds true. The only notable change in the situation which occurred during the final week of the campaign was the announcement of Stresemann that he would support Hindenburg. Up to the time of that announcement it was generally supposed that, although Stresemann's party would nominally and probably substantially vote for Hindenburg, Stresemann himself would probably not. What the effect of Stresemann's announcement would be could only be guessed. Like Hindenburg's review in military uniform of goose-stepping paraders, it was one of the indications that Hindenburg's political position had been growing stronger. The reappearance of Caillaux in French affairs, so far from placating the Germans and making them less suspicious of France, has—if it has had any effect at all—seemed to give new assurance to the German militarists, Junkers, and monarchists.

Bulgaria Explodes

FOR some time there has been reason to fear just such an explosion as that which has taken place in Bulgaria. The elements which meet in that country cannot remain long confined together. And the conditions under which they meet are such as to present few obstacles to the lighting of the fuse.

So complicated are the causes for a disturbance there that no adequate explanation of them can be given in a brief space, for they involve not merely the troubled political and economic conditions within Bulgaria but the relations of Bulgaria to Russia and to the other Balkan States.

Ever since the assassination of Stambulisky in June, 1923, the Government of Bulgaria has been in the hands of classes whom the peasants distrust and regard as their oppressors. These are in some instances the same sort of people that made Bulgaria a willing tool of Germany in the war. Stambulisky, the leader of the peasants, withstood them and, while Prime Minister, put Bulgaria on the side of the Allies and secured for her concessions which she could not otherwise have obtained. With Stambulisky, therefore, fell the only leader the peasants had who was in the way of bringing them justice and putting Bulgaria right with the free nations of the world. He was an imperfect instrument, but the best there was.

Since his death the peasants have been more and more apparently under the influence of Communists of the Russian stripe. Though these Communists are very few in numbers, they consist largely of intellectuals, who have more initiative than the ordinary peasant, and are therefore influential out of all proportion to their numbers.

In Bulgaria there are also a group known as the Macedonian revolutionists, who have left Macedonia, their ancestral home, as protest against what they regard as unjust and alien rule, and carry on their agitation in Bulgaria. These three elements, then, diverse as they are, have a sort of unity in their opposition to the Government.

On April 14 an attack was made on King Boris outside of Sofia, the capital, and the director of the Sofia Museum and a servant who were with him were killed, and the chauffeur of the King's automobile in which they were riding was wounded. On the same day General Gheorghieff, who was a leader in the overthrow of Stambulisky, was assassinated on a street in the capital.

It is alleged that the murder of the General was planned with a view to what followed. On April 16 General Gheorghieff's funeral services took place at the Cathedral. A student had climbed to the roof and lighted the time fuse on a bomb. The resulting explosion killed a hundred and fifty people, including three police officers and two former Cabinet members, and injured many others.

A former army officer, Captain Ninkoff, of the Communist group, was declared to have been the originator of the plot. He, together with many others, was killed in reprisal.

The President's Job

DID it ever occur to you that high Government officials, such as the President and members of the Cabinet, are human beings? They are. They have as much fun at their work as other men, as much tragedy, as many heartbreaks. They take as many desperate chances and meet as many emergencies by initiative and ingenuity. They make as many mistakes and as many failures.

There is more red blood than red tape in the Government.

The public hears always of the officials, rarely of the men; reads endlessly of the why but not much of the how of work in Washington.

The managing editor of one of the Washington dailies says that Washington seems a deadly dull place to the country generally because of the fact that every newspaper man sent to Washington as a correspondent immediately forgets that he is a reporter and becomes an interpreter.

Dixon Merritt, The Outlook's editorial correspondent in Washington, has decided to revert, for a time at least. He is going to write a series of "stories" on Washington at work—what is done, who does it, and how.

Calvin Coolidge and his job will come first. The article will appear in an early issue of The Outlook.

"Off Again in Honduras"

THE apparently eternal round of revolutions in Honduras—we will not say Central America, because there is a great difference among the various Central American nations, although they are usually considered as one geographical unit—has come around again to another disturbance of public order. Just what is the cause of the present outbreak has not

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yet been made clear; but with one who has the revolutionary instinct in his make-up in Honduras a "cause" does not have to lie very far below the surface. He can trump up a reason why the Government is corrupt and should be overthrown in about as short order as one can say "Jack Robinson."

Scarcely had the echoes of the previous double-barreled revolution, which was a stubbornly fought, bloody, and costly affair, died away before Uncle Sam again was called upon, typified in the first instance by a landing force of United States Marines, to step in and see that peace and order, which all parties, revolutionary leaders included, had agreed to, be carried out. "What's the Constitution among Honduran revolutionists?" might well be inscribed upon the seldom-furled banners of these would-be "reformers" of "imaginary" wrongs. Underneath any alleged reason why a Honduran revolutionary leader starts an attack on the Government will usually be found a personal desire for power, a selfish ambition to occupy a position of prominence in order that "favors" may be distributed more to the liking of the ambitious one. Through promises and with the careful distribution of a little money and more whisky or similar incitant, it is easy for him to obtain a following; and then, rolling on from village to village, plundering and living on the land as they proceed, the ragamuffin army marches on toward the capital "to free the Republic" from the mythical tyrant who is occupying the executive chair, perhaps, so the ignorant natives are often told, because Uncle Sam put him there.

Apparently everything was proceeding quietly under the new Government recently established; the previous revolutionary leaders were reported to have been satisfied with the agreement reached, and yet without warning the hissing head of revolution again is raised. The question naturally arises, "What's the matter with Honduras?"

Peru Opposes the Plebiscite

WHAT further steps will Peru take to display her dissatisfaction with the arbitral award of President Coolidge in the historic Tacna-Arica territorial controversy between Chile and Peru? Will she decline to name her member of the commission which the arbiter decreed should supervise the plebiscite to be held in the disputed provinces to determine their ultimate sovereignty; and will she refuse to participate in the plebiscite itself? And what will the United States do in case Peru should decide to let the election go "by default," and, anticipating defeat, as frequently happens in Latin-American elections, stay away from the polls and then appeal for popular sympathy on the ground of oppression?

These are questions which have been giving serious concern and have been widely discussed in official and diplomatic circles since the presentation by the Peruvians of their recent memorial to President Coolidge requesting certain guaranties "as a condition for assuring the fairness of the voting." The arbiter's reply informed the Peruvians that his award, which had provided for a plebiscitary commission which should have "in general complete control over the plebiscite," must stand. He called their attention to the fact that they had agreed to accept the decision of the President of the United States as arbiter in the case as "final and without appeal," and assured them that ample provision had been made "to guarantee to every qualified voter full assurance of personal protection," and also that all questions involving the qualifications of voters and the prevention of fraud were amply protected.

Public opinion, as well as a large percentage of official opinion, in Peru is reported to be opposed to participation in the plebiscite. The Peruvians claimed that no fair and just election could take place "in the present circumstances." The arbiter decided otherwise. From the shock of the decision the overheated Peruvians have not yet recovered.

After a certain "cooling off" process has taken place Peru, however, will decide, in the opinion of well-advised officials and diplomats, that her best policy, after all, will be to participate in the plebiscite and make an honest effort to win. If she loses, she would be no worse off than if she had lost through remaining away from the polls.

If, on the other hand, Peru should refuse to participate, the prestige of the American Government, which has been greatly strengthened throughout Latin America by its efforts so far in the case, would demand that the arbiter's award be carried through to completion. The award, in fact, provides for such a contingency, giving the president of the plebiscitary commission, who is to be General Pershing, authority to name the third member of the commission, the other being a Chilean. It is believed that in that case General Pershing would select a neutral for the place and proceed to carry out the terms of the arbitrator's award through the channel of a popular election.

The Supreme Court on the Kansas Industrial Law

A DECISION just handed down by the United States Supreme Court involves the powers of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations and the constitutionality of its action in the case under consideration. It is in effect a confirmation and extension of a decision in this same case about two years ago.

The Kansas law which founded this Court—the Supreme Court decision, by the way, says that it is not strictly a court, but an administrative board—authorizes it to issue orders as to wages, hours, and conditions to individual industrial companies or owners when the public interest is affected, as, for example, when the product is one of the necessaries of life, and on the theory that the public is a third party in industry. The order under litigation did not relate to industry generally, nor to the packing industry in the State, but to one packing-house, the Wolff Packing Company.

The ultimate Constitutional question involved was how far the State may interfere in an individual business as to the contract rights between employer and employee without violating that provision of the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution which forbids the deprivation of one's property or liberty of contract without due process of law.

Originally wages, hours of labor, overtime payments, and working conditions were all involved in the case, but in the former hearing the Supreme Court held that only the question of wages had been properly put before it. As to that, it decided that the authority to fix wages as an incident of compulsory arbitration could not be applied in a business like that of the Wolff Company consistently with the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment as to the liberty of contract. In the present case it makes the same ruling as to the fixing of hours of work.

Full weight was given to the argument that the public has rights and interests in industrial disputes, but it was pointed out that they relate to quasi-public business (such as a railway), and not neces-

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Against this consumption of the purse

(2 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 2)

Cargill in the Richmond (Indiana) Palladium

Stop, look, and listen!

From Miss Lucile Chamness, Lynn, Ind.

Sykes in the Wall Street (N. Y.) Journal

Soaking in

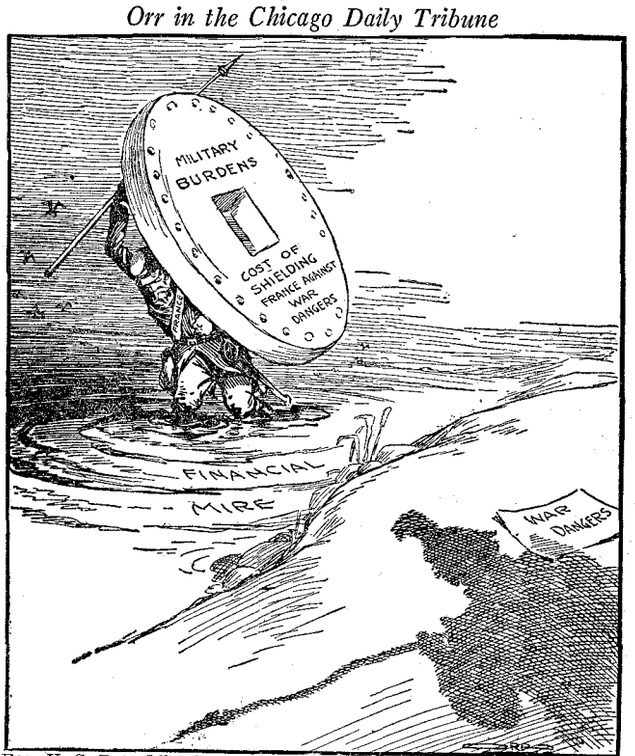
From D. S. Irmie, New York, N. Y.

Keith Temple in the New Orleans Times-Picayune

"I would like to, Monsieur—but—ze dog!"—

From C. H. Maury, Morgan City, La.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright, 1925, by the Chicago Tribune

The millstone

From Meda F. Gross, Ogden, Ill.

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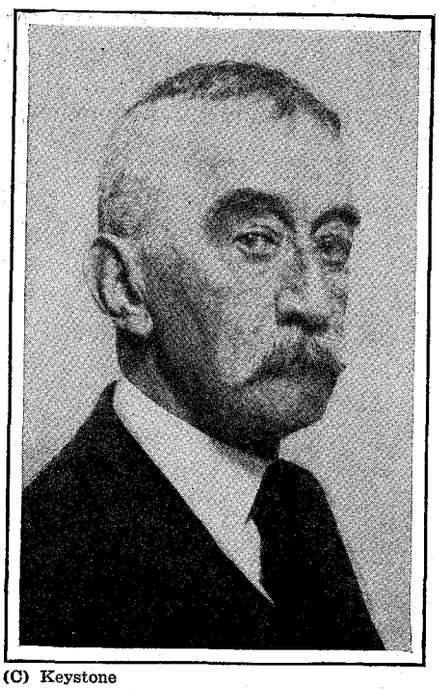
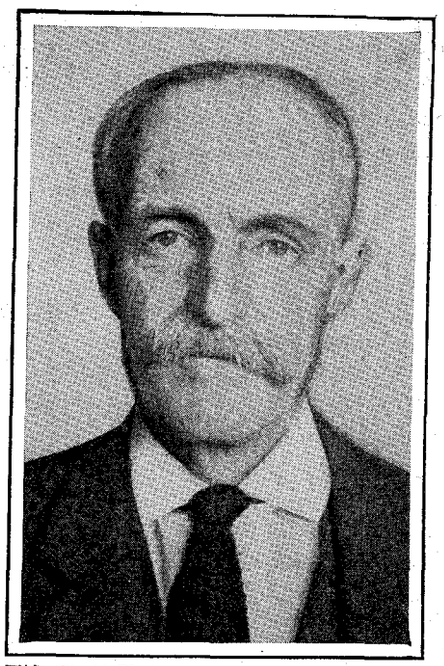


(C) Keystone

George Bird Grinnell

Wide World Photos

Miss Martha Berry



Wide World Photos

Governor Gifford Pinchot

sarily to a single manufacturing concern, so that in lack of evidence to the contrary the Wolff Company, for instance, must be regarded as a private concern. In both the actions, one brought before the Supreme Court two years ago and one now, in which the attempt of the Kansas Supreme Court by writ of mandamus to compel the Wolff Company to follow the orders of the Court of Industrial Relations is involved, the decision is that the business is not of a kind to justify the State in compelling owner and employees to continue. The Supreme Court says also:

> The system of compulsory arbitration which the act establishes is intended to compel, and if sustained will compel, the owner and employees to continue the business on terms which are not of their making. It will constrain them not merely to respect the terms if they continue the business, but will constrain them to continue the business on those terms. True, the terms have some qualifications, but as shown in the prior decision the qualifications are rather illusory and do not subtract much from the duty imposed. Such a system infringes the liberty of contract and rights of property guaranteed by the due process of law clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

As will be seen, the decision does not prevent a State from establishing an industrial commission which should exercise within the State such powers as are given by Federal law to the Railroad Labor Board, but it does limit the power of compulsion, and it may very probably lead to a revision of the Kansas Industrial Relation Act in that direction.

The Roosevelt Medals

With the third annual award by the Roosevelt Memorial Association of three medals for notable service in fields of activity in which Theodore Roosevelt was strongly interested there is rounded out a group of nine recipients. Together, the nine awards certainly do represent typically and forcefully things Roosevelt cared for and fought for.

Thus, before the award just made the list included Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, whose fine achievements for the welfare of women and children make her an example of humanity; Elihu Root in the field of constructive statesmanship; Charles W. Eliot, scholar and educator; Henry Fairfield Osborn, scientist and authority on race distribution; Leonard Wood, who stood by Roosevelt's side in urging preparation against the threatening militarism of Germany; Oliver Wendell Holmes, jurist and distinguished as able upholder of law and human justice.

Now to this excellent list are added:

Gifford Pinchot, who worked with Roosevelt and with James R. Garfield (now President of the Roosevelt Association) in establishing the principle of conservation of National resources at a time when the average legislator acted as if the only thing to do with our heritage was to give it away to exploiters. Roosevelt himself left on record his keen appreciation of Pinchot's work as Forester and of his broader value as a maintainer of the true principles of Conservation.

George Bird Grinnell, who is to National Park development much what Pinchot has been to forestry, who is a naturalist of high repute, a big-game hunter, an expert on Indian life, and lover and exponent of outdoor life.

Martha Berry, who built up an industrial school now having several hundred pupils out of a Georgia log-cabin school with five children; of whom the story is told that Theodore Roosevelt once kept a roomful of statesmen waiting while he talked with Miss Berry of her work as embodying the prime essentials necessary to good citizenship; and who was described by a Southern writer as one who "with her back to the mountains for twenty years fought evil dauntlessly with the Roosevelt spirit and suffered with the Roosevelt patience."

Assuredly the things these nine Americans have done are precisely things that Theodore Roosevelt cared for and believed in. Moreover, in almost every instance he personally worked hand in hand with these men and women in common effort for the people's good.

A Contest Over War Profits

Who owes whom on account of war emergency ships? There is a difference of opinion between the United States Government on one side and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation on the other side, and the courts are asked to settle the dispute. The Government, filing its complaint in the Federal court at Philadelphia, seeks to recover $11,000,000, in which sum it alleges that the Bethlehem companies have been overpaid. On the same day that this suit was filed the Bethlehem Ship Building Corporation filed suit in New York

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against the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation for $9,744,899, the sum which it claims is still due on ships built for the Government during the war.

Keener interest is given to the litigation by the fact that during most of the time when the ships were under construction Charles M. Schwab was the executive head both of the Bethlehem companies and of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The Government charges that Mr. Schwab permitted his own companies to make excessive profits on ship contracts. Specifically, it is claimed that, while other contractors were held down to the cost plus ten per cent basis, the Bethlehem companies were permitted to make profits much in excess of that. Bethlehem denies that excessive profits were made or that Mr. Schwab had anything to do with such profits as were made.

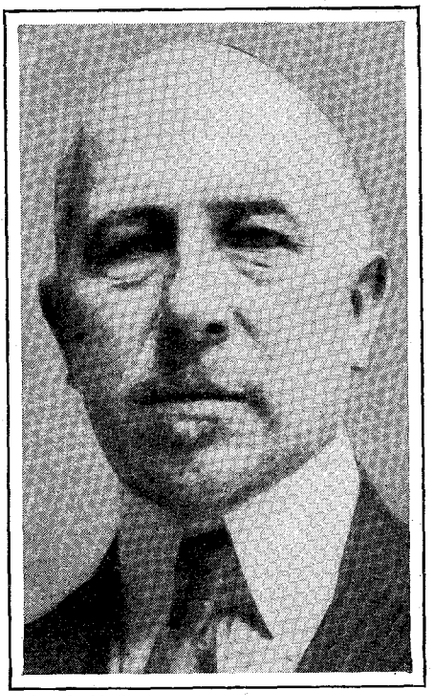
Statements made by Mr. Schwab, Eugene B. Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and Bainbridge Colby, a member of the Shipping Board at the time the contracts were made and later Secretary of State in President Wilson's Cabinet, are to the effect that Mr. Schwab stipulated in writing at the time he accepted the position of Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation that he would have nothing to do with dealings between the Corporation and the Bethlehem companies. Mr. Colby makes it plain that Mr. Schwab was "drafted" for the position, that he had urged his connection with large shipbuilding interests as disqualifying him, and that he accepted only when President Wilson made a personal appeal which could not be resisted.

Such digests of the bill as have been made public do not clearly indicate whether the Government charges that Mr. Schwab actively interfered to give his companies larger than ordinary profits or whether the Bethlehem companies were able to make excessive profits because Mr. Schwab did pursue a "hands off" policy with relation to them.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation's contracts with the Bethlehem companies were made some time before Mr. Schwab became Director-General of the Corporation. What action Mr. Schwab took with relation to the contracts does not greatly affect, perhaps, the question whether or not the Government has paid the Bethlehem companies too much or too little money for the work they did.

The Fallacy of the Cost-Plus System

MEN ordinarily authorized to speak for the United States Shipping Board have persistently refused to discuss the suit against the Bethlehem companies. Whether the suit was filed at the insistence of the Board or by the Department of Justice on its own initiative is a matter of conjecture. Men who are ordinarily good interpreters of official



Wide World Photos

Augustus Lukeman

events are divided in opinion on this point.

The charge that Mr. Schwab's companies made excessive profits from shipbuilding contracts while Mr. Schwab was in charge of the Government's ship-building programme is not new. It was first made, orally and unofficially, in 1920, when a sort of investigation of Shipping Board affairs was made. This was about the time when Charles G. Dawes said to a Congressional committee that if he had been shown that hogs could carry guns to the front and that hogs could be bought for a thousand dollars a head he would have bought hogs.

For at least two years past the Department of Justice has been investigating the matters now involved in the suit.

The difference between what the Bethlehem companies claim they should have received for the ships they built and what the Government claims it should have paid is approximately $21,000,000. The Bethlehem companies built eighty-six ships for the Government. The difference between what the companies think they should receive and what the Government thinks it should have paid is, therefore, about $250,000 per ship. It appears that practically all of these ships were built under contracts which provided for compensation to the contractors in the sum of half of the savings to the Government based on estimated cost of construction as stipulated in the contracts.

Mr. Schwab's reputation for integrity and high patriotism, it is safe to say, will not suffer as a result of these suits. If anything suffers, it will be the theory that a cost-plus system in war time is a real safeguard against waste or worse during operations and the possibility of political scandal or vindictiveness afterwards.

Stone Mountain and the Nation

THERE is promise of a great thing in the announcement that Augustus Lukeman is to complete the Confederate memorial at Stone Mountain, where the great figures of the Confederacy are to be carved on the stone face of the mountain. It will be remembered that Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor originally selected, had a misunderstanding with the committee in charge, that he destroyed his models and abandoned the work when it was hardly more than begun so far as actual carving goes. There was apparently well-grounded fear then that the project would fail. The selection of Lukeman and the announcement of his plans give assurance that it will be completed, and it appears that decided improvements are to be made even over the original plans.

Perhaps no better selection could have been made of a sculptor for this gigantic work than has been made. Lukeman is a native of Richmond. (He is, by the way, the sculptor of the statue of Bishop Asbury, pictured and described in The Outlook of last week.) He has inherited in large measure the traditions of the men whose likenesses he will place on the mountainside, and one proof has been given already that he is living by them.

Shortly after the Borglum episode Colonel Tellaman Cuyler, a native Georgian but a resident of New York, suggested to one of the editors of The Outlook that, since new plans were to be adopted, it ought to be brought about that the memorial should include, not merely a story of the Confederacy, but some tribute to the victorious Union arms. The Outlook, feeling that the Stone Mountain enterprise belonged pe-

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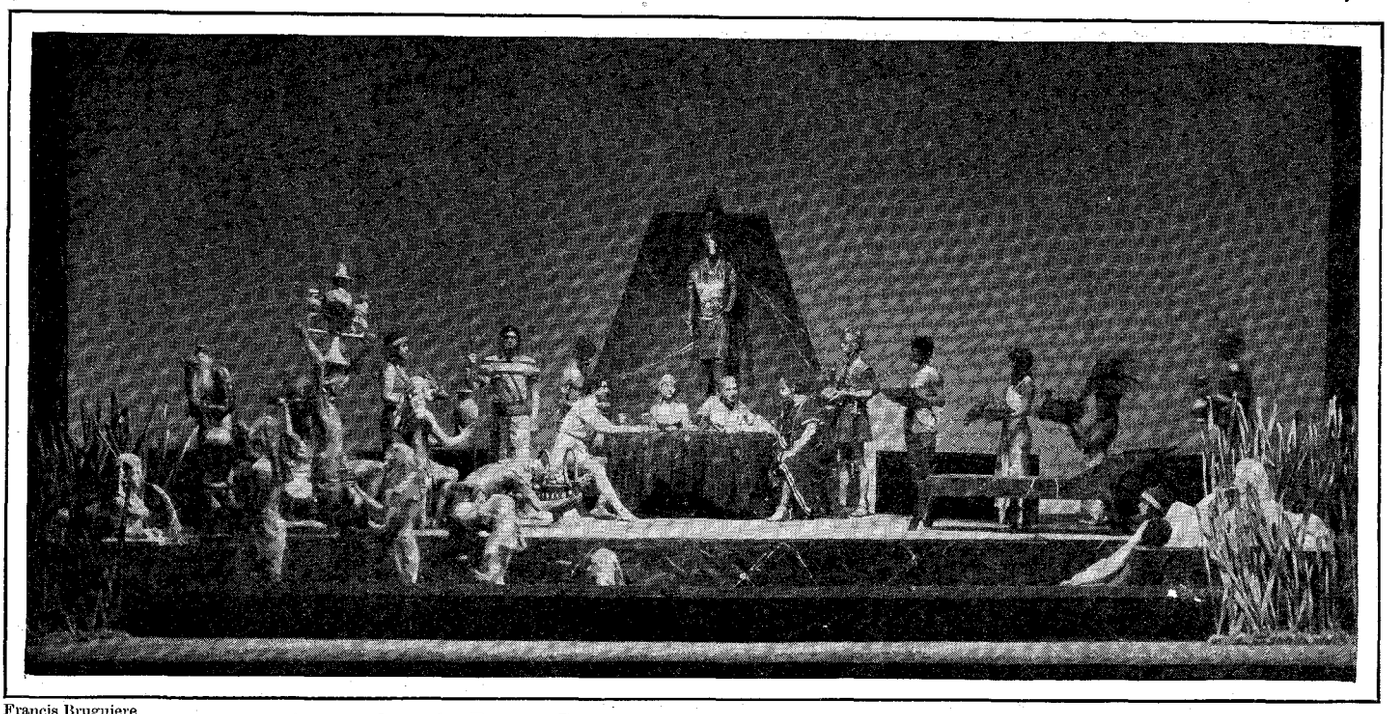

Francis Bruguiere

A scene from the Theatre Guild production of Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra"

culiarly to Atlanta and the South, did not make the suggestion to its readers. It appears now that in Lukeman's plans the figures at the base of the memorial are to be those of two privates, one a Confederate and the other a Union soldier. That, of course, is as it should be, for this piece of work, after all, will belong to the whole Nation, and those whose connections are with the Union army will appreciate it the more that it came as the thought of the Southern-born sculptor who is to complete the work.

A Century and a Half Ago

THE one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Patriots' Day—that is, April 19, when in 1775 Americans first resisted in arms and on the open fields the aggression of British soldiery—was fitly celebrated in Lexington, Concord, Boston, and New York. Everywhere stress was laid on the momentousness of the birth on that day, in the resistance of the embattled farmers to force, of the spirit that led through suffering and endurance to our National existence. The news of the heroism of the patriots at Concord Bridge and Lexington Green spread swiftly through the colonies. In "Drums," a recent story of Revolutionary days in North Carolina, a vivid impression is given of the effect of the news from Lexington, and later from Bunker Hill, on men hesitating between loyalty to the King and desire for freedom. So it was all over the country; and Washington and Greene and the other leaders felt the result in their quickly swelling armies. Historians may differ as to the details of that day of fighting, as is shown in Mr. Allen French's admirable volume "The Day of Concord and Lexington," lately reviewed in The Outlook; but that these engagements ("skirmishes" the British called them) were, as Mr. French observes, "physically so little, spiritually so significant," none can question.

In the exercises at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, some fifty patriotic and historical societies took part. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton summed up the historic meaning of the establishment of America's representative government when he said:

> We have abandoned the ground on which history had hitherto wrought and have not only developed a life of our own, growing out of rich soil, but we have undertaken the most daring adventure in human fraternity in all history. As in its origin, so in its history, our Republic is a fraternal symposium in which many races are being built up into one community, an enterprise the full meaning of which no one can yet predict, much less realize.
>
> There is room for all things in America except hatred, bigotry, and inhumanity.

One of the most notable of the recent celebrations of the anniversary was the rededication at Boston of Faneuil Hall, so long called the cradle of liberty. General Pershing in his address recalled the fact that it was in Faneuil Hall that "the people gathered to discuss among themselves the probable outcome of their protests against the unjust laws that encroached upon their rights and liberties." He declared that it was in accordance with the principles there asserted that millions of Americans in the Great War proved "that popular government in the hands of intelligent and patriotic men is no longer a mere experiment;" and that "our influence in international affairs as they touch the freedom and happiness of peoples has surpassed the visions of our fathers."

General Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, went over the route on April 20 which his ancestor, William Dawes, Jr., the companion of Paul Revere, traveled in giving the alarm a hundred and fifty years ago; but he had already followed his ancestor's example by giving an alarm on the eve of Patriots' Day—this time at the Boston Chamber of Commerce against the danger of arbitrary power through the obsolete rules of the Senate.

The Guild Theatre and American Drama

FOR seven years the Theatre Guild of New York has been translating dreams into actualities. Starting with nothing but an idea, the Theatre Guild now has its own playhouse, built with the aid of a public subscription of over half a million dollars. The corner-stone of this building was laid by the Governor of New York. Its first performance was opened by an electric signal from the White House in Washington.

Nearly 15,000 members subscribe annually to the Guild productions. At the present writing four plays are to their credit in the heart of the theatrical district of New York—"Processional," "The Guardsman," "They Knew What They

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Wanted," and "Cæsar and Cleopatra." Two dramas by Americans, one by a Hungarian, and one by Shaw make up the rôle of current Theatre Guild productions.

Throughout its history the Guild has combined ingenuity of direction and a judicious choice of actors from the professional stage. The Guild has succeeded in uniting the enthusiasm of amateurs with the competency of professionals.

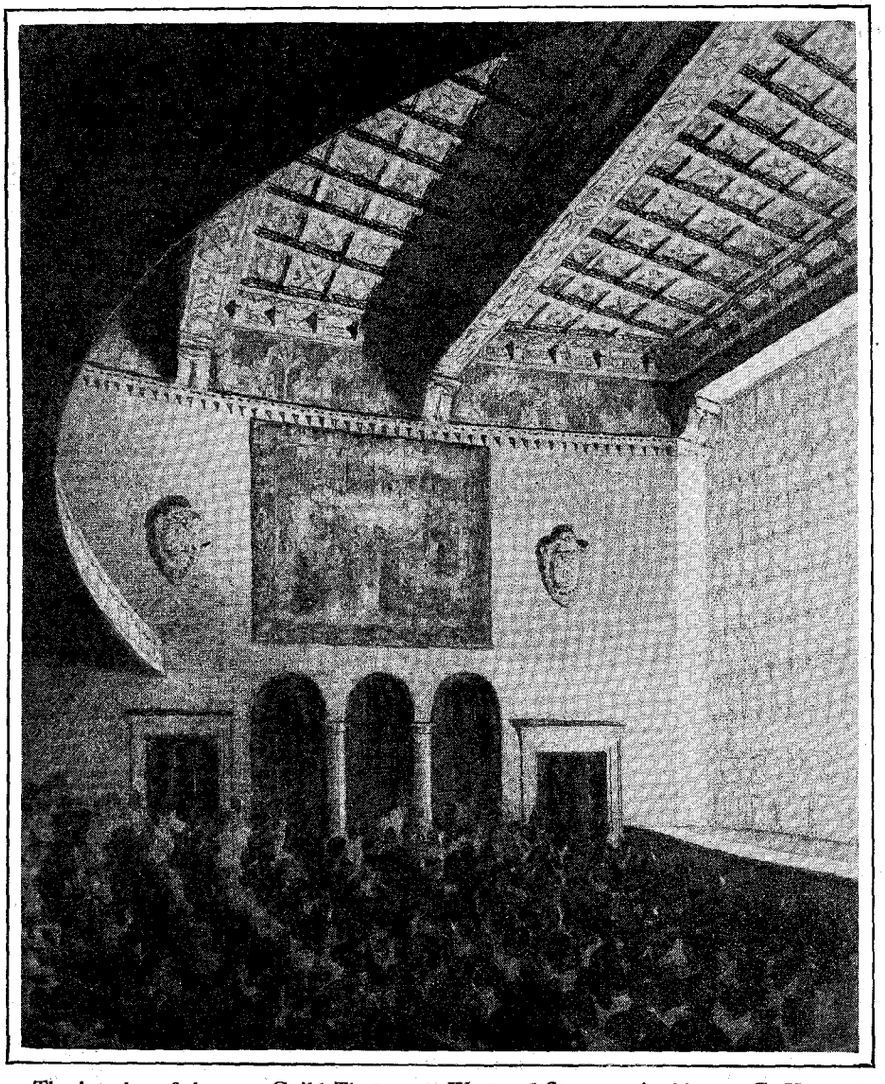
The policy and success of the Guild have doubtless helped in strengthening the hands of the actors who have been behind the Actors' Equity Association in its fight for healthful economic independence and higher artistic standards on the commercial stage.

Paralleling in some respects the work of the Guild, the actors now have a theater which they manage and in which they have given during the past year worthy performances of Shaw's "Candida," Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," and the ever-delightful pantomime "Pierrot the Prodigal." The production of these plays has brought them public confidence and the prospect of a home of their own.

The function of the Guild Theatre is more that of an experimental workshop than the Actors' Theatre. That is perhaps why they have drawn so largely from the field of Continental drama for their material. This touch with the Continental stage certainly provides a valuable technical lesson for American dramatists, even though it may be at times a bit depressing for American audiences.

The development of the Guild in New York raises the hope that other groups outside of New York may follow its example. Chicago, at least, should be able to swing a Guild Theater of its own; Washington certainly needs one, whether it has the audience for it or not.

A subsidized State or National theater is not within the desire or the genius of America. The repertory theater, with a definite clientele and public pledges of support, provides a better and sounder way for Americans to supply a real National need.



The interior of the new Guild Theatre on West 52d Street. Architects, C. Howard Crane, Kenneth Franzheim, Charles H. Bettis

France the Prodigal Mother

ONE who has seen what the Germans did to France throughout the devastated regions finds it almost impossible to believe that any son of France can be pro-German. Yet before the war, and even during the war when France was nearest to defeat and ruin, there were Frenchmen who were willing to trust to German good faith and mercy and to make terms with Germany. It was during the very darkest days of the war that Forain in one of his most striking cartoons represented one French soldier saying to another in the same trench, "Will the civilians hold out?" Chief among those who were fighting the *poilus* in the rear was Caillaux.

Fortunately, not only for France but for the rest of us who were resisting the modern Assyria, the civilians held out. Caillaux, convicted of "commerce and correspondence with the enemy," was banished from certain parts of France.

Now the foremost of French defeatists has not only been restored to full citizenship by the amnesty granted to him by the French Parliament but is back in power in the Government as Minister of Finance.

To those who have marveled at the resolution and the clear thinking of the French during the war and afterwards, in spite of the outrages which she suffered from her enemy and the injustice that she has suffered from her friends, this turning of France to her faithless son has come with something of a shock of disappointment. It is as if the parable of the prodigal son had been reversed. The mother of the prodigal son, having herself been prodigal of her treasure in life and possessions for the sake of an ideal, spending not only what she had but herself as well for the preservation of her soul and her children's soul, seems to have repented and to have turned for material succor to the son who was willing to give up the real heritage for the sake of the husks which the swine did eat. Some Americans may be tempted to shrug their shoulders and to say that, after all, this is France's business.

There is something, however, to be said in extenuation.

In the first place, France is not the first of the allied nations to reinstate in power those who were defeatists during the war. England turned to Ramsay MacDonald and put him, not only into one of the seats of the mighty, but into

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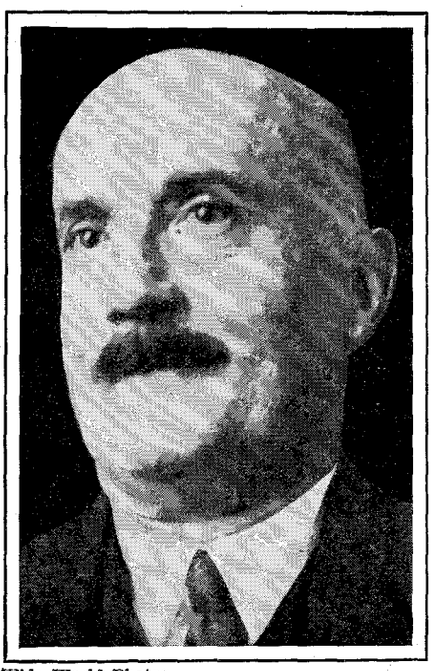
the chief seat. Of course, less was expected of England than of France in this particular, for England had only an Empire at stake, while France had principles. England's Empire was safe—at least for the present; but principles such as those for which France fought are never safe when men who do not believe in them are in power.

There is something more, however, to be said for France than this. Those who put France alongside of Russia, Belgium, and Serbia in the war and stood for the Entente with England, which brought England into the war, counted on the good faith of their allies. But what happened? This is the picture that Frenchmen saw when the war was over. Russia, dominated by those who hailed perfidy as a virtue, a deserter; England, satisfied with the fruits of victory and concerned with her own internal problems, a ready listener to any plan for resuming normal relations with the enemy before that enemy had made proper amends to France; Italy, indifferent to French claims, a renascent rival to France in the Mediterranean; and the United States, sincere in its platonic friendship, a very practical bargainer in the matter of future commitments. It is perhaps not wholly surprising, then, that the French people should be a little more willing than they once were to listen to those who have argued all along that France had better come to terms with Germany directly than depend on England and the others.

Of course, the ostensible reason for Caillaux's rise to power is the need of common sense and courage in French finance and the failure of Herriot and his Ministry in both these qualities. Whatever else may be said of Caillaux, he cannot be said to lack knowledge of finance or a certain kind of courage in facing difficulties. What France needs is some measure by which the requirements of her Government will be met by adequate taxation. The effort of every class to shoulder off the burden of taxation upon some other class or classes has prevented proper measures. The people as a whole cannot escape the burden of taxation in France any more than anywhere else. It will rest upon them ultimately, in any case. Caillaux may do what Poincaré was not allowed to do and Herriot was incapable of doing. If so, he may serve his country better than he has served it in the past.

But if France by trusting to Caillaux means to turn from England to Germany for justice—



Wide World Photos

Joseph Caillaux, French Minister of Finance

The Turks and the Patriarch

A RULE of equity requires that a plaintiff must come to court with clean hands. Even if the hands of the Turks were clean, their case against the Patriarch of Constantinople would be weak. But the hands of the Turks are covered with blood.

Short as man's memory of injustice is, it cannot be that the Americans to whom A. Rustem Bey appeals in his article in this issue have forgotten the horrors of the slaughter and torture at Smyrna and elsewhere less than three years ago. It cannot be that any people concerned for the maintenance of justice anywhere in the world can ignore the record of pillage, devastation, and massacre which the Turks have written into their history. Even if all the allegations which the Turks make against the Patriarchate as a center of intrigue and agitation were true and proved, nevertheless a people receiving any appeal from the Turks might well ask, "By what right do you come before us with such complaints without having righted the wrongs and made amends for the outrages which you have perpetrated against those of whom you complain?"

We print the article by the former Turkish Ambassador to the United States because we think it important that Americans should understand the state of mind that controls the Turks to-day. Reduced though they are to a territory much smaller than was theirs before the Balkan Wars, the Turks have been acting and thinking like conquerors. They have driven from their ancestral homes by the hundreds of thousands peoples whose chief offense has been that they are Christians. And now they have expelled from Constantinople the Patriarch, the chief figure in the Eastern Church, and frankly avow their desire to get rid of the Patriarchate itself.

From what the former Turkish Ambassador says, one might suppose that the object of the Turkish Government in banishing the Patriarch Constantine VIII was simply to get rid of a pestilential individual, but the former Ambassador seems, as he writes the latter part of his article, to forget what he has written in the former part, and comes out plainly in the end as urging the advisability of the removal of the Patriarchate itself altogether from its ancient seat in Constantinople, where it has been recognized as such for over fifteen hundred years.

It was early in the morning of the 31st of last January that Turkish police forced an entrance into the residence of Monsignor Constantine and informed him that he would be compelled by Government order to leave Turkish territory immediately. Before daybreak they had conducted him to the railway station, where he took the first train for Salonika. A. Rustem Bey says that "the prelate conformed without demur." How could he have done otherwise? The Turks declare that they were acting in accordance with the decision of the mixed commission set up by the League of Nations. The fact is that the sub-commission's decision in the matter makes the Turkish action appear clearly as a defiance of the League and of the Treaty of Lausanne, which the commission interpreted. The sub-commission ruled that as an individual Monsignor Constantine came within the category of exchangeables, but, and this is the important point, it was not competent to pass upon his case as Patriarch. So far, therefore, from countenancing such action as the Turkish Government took, the sub-commission clearly made it evident that the Patriarch did not come under the ordinary category of exchangeables. And in this matter it was upheld by the High Commission, which declined to issue a passport to the Patriarch, and thus declined to recognize the validity of his deportation. Whether it is possible for a Turk really to believe that this action left the Turkish Govern-

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ment "entirely free to proceed according to its discretion," as A. Rustem Bey declares, we do not undertake to judge; but it is difficult for any one else to believe it.

One might suppose from this incident that Constantine was a foreign intruder into Turkey. As a matter of fact, Constantine, thus rudely banished, was born under Turkish rule in Asia Minor, and, though not domiciled in Constantinople before October 30, 1918, was at the time of his election Archbishop of Derkos (or Dercos or Terkos), on the lake of the same name (one of Constantinople's sources of water supply), about thirty miles northwest of Constantinople.

It is not merely by sufferance that the Patriarchate continued in Constantinople after the capture of the city by the Mohammedans in 1453. As Lord Curzon reminded Ismet Pasha at Lausanne, Mohammed I, the conqueror of Constantinople, himself conceded certain privileges to the Patriarch. These privileges, partly political and administrative in character, were essential to the government of all non-Mohammedans; for under the theocratic rule of the Turkish Government the political law was the law of Islam, which could apply only to Mohammedans. So long, therefore, as that form of government continued, some non-Mohammedan had to apply whatever law was necessary for the government of Christians, and the Patriarch was a most suitable authority for this purpose. What was decided at Lausanne was that, with the abolition of the Islamic law as the law of the land, the Patriarch should cease to exercise political powers and be confined to an authority purely moral and spiritual. Up to that time the Turkish Government had some part in the selection of Patriarchs; but with the change in the Patriarch's functions the Turkish Government's part in the selection of Patriarchs also ceased. What the Turkish Government undertakes now to do is to get rid of the Patriarchate altogether, thus depriving Eastern Christians of their accustomed chief prelate or, failing in that, to make the Patriarch a subservient tool of the Turkish Government.

The action of the Turkish Government is a part of its extreme nationalist policy. To-day in the city of Constantinople a restaurant can no longer print its menu in French, and an envelope containing a letter to be sent by post cannot be addressed in any other language than the Turkish. Not only is the Turkish Government nationalistic, but it is anti-religious. It has even changed the name of Kirk-Kilisseh, the place frequently mentioned in the Balkan War, meaning Forty Churches, to Kirkeli, meaning Region of the Forty, so as to get rid of the word churches in the name. It has exercised restraint in dealing with the educational institutions supported by American Protestants in Turkey only because the injury to those institutions would be so obvious an injury to Turkey itself that not even the present Turkish Government would venture to get rid of them.

In his article A. Rustem Bey appeals to America to take Turkey's side "in the interest of that universal and enduring peace of which the United States, to-day the most powerful factor in international politics, has become the leading advocate and sincerest champion." Has Turkey's record been such as to lead Americans to trust her to promote any kind of peace except that of desolation? And is there any ground for believing that Turkey has changed her mind sufficiently within the last two and a half years that have elapsed since the Smyrna massacres to warrant any confidence in her peaceful intentions? Certainly there is no sign of such a change of mind to be seen in the fact that in response to the proposal of Greece that the question of the expulsion of the Patriarch be submitted to the Hague Court Turkey sent a plain and categorical refusal.

More Rooseveltiana

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

ALTHOUGH it is six years since Theodore Roosevelt's death, a flood of literature about his life and work still continues to issue from the printing-presses. Apparently people do not get tired either of writing or of reading about his singularly versatile career.

A book recently published—the Roosevelt-Lodge correspondence[1]—forms the text of this article. But before taking it up it may be appropriate to mention five or six books that pretty well cover Roosevelt's unique personality and notable achievements. Those readers who are now or who may be in the future familiar with them will have a reasonably complete mental picture of what he was and what he did. I name them in the rank to which it seems to me they are entitled by their vital interest: "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop; "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time," the authorized biography by Joseph Bucklin Bishop; "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands," by Hermann Hagedorn; "Theodore Roosevelt," by Lord Charnwood, the Englishman who wrote the best one-volume life of Abraham Lincoln; "The Letters of Archie Butt," who was Roosevelt's military aide in the White House; and I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I include my own slight volume, "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt." If to these is added Roosevelt's "Autobiography," which was published nearly six years before his death, it may be said that all other biographical material, however interesting, is simply confirmatory of the history or facts revealed in the list of works which I have named.

This is true of the book which I have taken as the text of this article.

It is a risky thing to publish a great quantity of personal letters with the expectation of having them generally read. To sustain the interest they must either be narrative, like the letters of Pliny the Younger or of James Howell or of Archie Butt or Roosevelt's letters to his children; or they must be incorporated in a biographical record with running comment and interpretation, like the letters of Walter Page. It is hardly to be expected, therefore, that the two volumes just published by the Scribners containing more than a thousand pages of the correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge will prove to be "a best seller." Nevertheless these two volumes deserve a high place in epistolary literature for two reasons—they present a kind of history of the psychological development of Roosevelt from youth to maturity, and they are the record of a friendship notable for its length and unshaken solidity.

I am not sure but that the last-named quality is the most striking feature of the book. Senator Lodge, in spite of his long career in practical politics, was an intellectual and personal aristocrat; Roosevelt, of high breeding and of refined intellectual and social tastes, sin-

[1] Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, 1884–1918. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $10.

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cerely regarded any man as his peer provided he had character, ability, and wisdom. Lodge's political philosophy was in essence totally different from Roosevelt's except in questions of foreign relations. Neither of them apparently realized this until the crisis came which led Roosevelt to organize the Progressive Party. In an exchange of letters in the early part of 1912 they recognized this radical difference—letters which do them both great credit and reveal a capacity for friendship which was deeply ingrained in Theodore Roosevelt. This capacity was what made Roosevelt's political career a joyous one.

In 1912 Lodge and Roosevelt parted company politically but not personally. On February 28 of that year Lodge wrote to Roosevelt: "I have had my share of mishaps in politics, but I never thought that any situation could arise which would have made me so miserably unhappy as I have been the past week. I found myself confronted with the fact that I was opposed to your policies declared at Columbus. . . . I knew, of course, that you and I differed on some of these points, but I had not realized that the difference was so wide. . . . I could not abandon my convictions, and to come out for you, holding and known to hold the views which I have expressed, would have stultified me and made me worse than useless to you. Nor did I believe that you for a moment would wish me to do so. As for going against you in any way or supporting any one else against you, that I could not do. . . . I shall be silent until the Convention is over. I cannot tell you how much I have suffered from these harsh necessities and so I shall say no more." To this Roosevelt replied as follows:

THE OUTLOOK
287 Fourth Avenue, New York
Office of Theodore Roosevelt

Dear Cabot: 1 March, 1912.

I don't know whether to be most touched by your letter or most inclined to laugh over it. My dear fellow, you could not do anything that would make me lose my warm personal affection for you. For a couple of years I have felt that you and I were heading opposite ways as regards internal politics. I sha'n't try to justify my viewpoint because it would seem as if I were attacking yours. As regards my Columbus speech, every single point has appeared in editorials in The Outlook, and what I said about the judges was said in my Cooper Union speech last October and recapitulated at length in The Outlook about two months ago. Of course, you will stand by your convictions. Now don't ever think of this matter again. . . .

Ever affectionately,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The long friendship between these two men began in an acquaintanceship at Harvard in the late '70's, when Roosevelt was an undergraduate and Lodge was a lecturer on American history in that institution. There was a difference of eight years in their ages. It is interesting to trace the development of their relations during the thirty-five years that these letters cover. At first Roosevelt was somewhat distrustful of his own powers and looked up to Lodge as his adviser and leader. But as he matured their positions were gradually, and perhaps unconsciously, reversed and Roosevelt grew to be the leader while Lodge became the follower and disciple. In this respect the letters are perhaps unique in epistolary literature as a psychological record.

The limits of space forbid further quotation, but the discriminating reader will find that these letters reveal some of the qualities of Roosevelt which his many biographers have dwelt upon—his precocious genius for politics; his sense of humor; his inherent modesty in spite of superficial indications of self-confidence; his sportsmanship; his pugnacity or fighting instinct; his resiliency in defeat; his love of literature; his willingness to take advice; and, perhaps above all, his profound interest in his fellowmen, which gave him his unsurpassed capacity for friendship.

There are many friends of Roosevelt who believe that Henry Cabot Lodge, notwithstanding his unquestioned natural gifts of mind and scholarship, pathetically missed the opportunity of leaving his mark upon the constructive statesmanship of his country. But even those who criticise him most must admit that these posthumously published letters, upon the collection and arrangement of which he spent the last months of his life as a labor of love, constitute his most enduring political and literary monument.

The Capital's Trial Soviet

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

WE are excited in Washington just now. We always are. Usually, our excitement traces, directly or indirectly, to the voting of other people, but this time we are excited over the fact that we, or some of us, are going to vote.

We are going to have a sort of city council, the members of which will be elected on May 2. At last the District of Columbia is to have, in some sort, representative government. The thing is not done under any form of law. The council, when it is elected, can do nothing that will be binding on anybody. But none the less a beginning is made in self-government. Furthermore, a very interesting experiment in government is under way which may, in one way and another, reach far beyond the constricted boundaries of the District of Columbia.

THE movement began with the District Commissioners. They realized that they needed the advice of representatives of the citizens of the District, something that District Commissioners have never been able to command in any definite fashion. The Commissioners asked the civic associations of the District to work out some sort of plan for an advisory body. The plan was rather promptly worked out, and was approved by the Board of Commissioners on April 7.

An Advisory Council of nine members is created. Six are to be elected by the Federation of Citizens' Associations, which is the central organization of white community clubs. Two are to be elected by the Federation of Civic Associations, which is the central organization of Negro community clubs. The ninth member is not elected but is *ex officio* a member and President of the Council by virtue of being President of the Federation of Citizens' Associations. The function of the Council will be to advise the Board of Commissioners, the legally constituted governing authority under Congress, on matters of all kinds.

Now here is a representative body selected by methods somewhat different from any other in the United States and, so far as I know, in the world. In the first place, the process of selection is the reverse of that in States, counties, and cities, where nominations are made by delegated bodies but election is by direct

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vote of all qualified voters. Here the nominations are made out in the community clubs, by direct vote, but election is by delegates—the representatives of the various clubs in the central bodies, the Federations.

The second departure from American custom is that representation is proportioned between races on the basis of population. The Negro population of the District of Columbia is a little less than twenty-five per cent of the total; the Negro representation in the Council will be a little less than twenty-five per cent of the total. The Federation of white community clubs will vote for white Councilmen; the Federation of Negro clubs will vote for Negro Councilmen. But white Councilmen and Negro Councilmen will be members of one body, the Advisory Council to the District Commissioners. Is there a similar basis of representation anywhere in the world?

In a certain sense, there is a flavor of the Soviet about the plan, because, while there will be no election of Councilmen by occupation, there is to a small extent nomination of candidates by occupation. Three or four of the constituent members of the Federation of Citizens' Associations, the white organization, are occupational clubs. One of these, by way of illustration, is the Washington Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. And it has nominated as its candidate Henry Kirke Bush-Brown, the sculptor, whom I mentioned last week as the creator of two of Washington's equestrian statues. Mr. Bush-Brown, if he is elected, will be elected as a representative of the citizens of the District, but he was nominated as a representative of the architects of the District. This situation comes about because membership in the Federation of Citizens' Associations is not confined strictly to community clubs, but to organizations working for the general promotion of the welfare of the District. The same situation probably exists in the Federation of Negro clubs, though I am not sure of this.

There is the possibility of double, triple, quadruple, and even more numerous voting of the same individual in various nominating bodies. A woman, for instance, might be a member of the Parent-Teachers' Association, of the Columbia Heights (or any other) Citizens' Association, of the Washington Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, and of the Washington Arts Club. She would vote to nominate a candidate from each of these organizations. I believe that, of the forty-seven members of the white Federation, all except the three mentioned here are community clubs. There cannot be a great deal of duplicate voting in making nominations, but there must inevitably be some.

All of this may seem to the citizen out in the States a mere plaything and of no importance, but it is not so. The District of Columbia, beginning local self-government without authority of law, is going to have in no great while legalized self-government. That is inevitable. It is a just demand that cannot be always, or much longer, denied by Congress. This experiment, I am inclined to believe, will in large measure determine the kind of local government the District is to have. And, when the District has a new kind of self-government, it will make its impress on the country.

This flurry of excitement in the breasts of citizens of the District of Columbia over the fact that they are about to be permitted to vote for representatives without legal authority to do so—this playing at self-government—is a game worth watching.

Legalized local government for the District of Columbia, which I hope will come shortly, does not mean recognition of the District as a political entity like a State, which I hope will never come. Still, this Advisory Council will have its bearing on that, too.

The twenty-eight nominees for Councilmen have all been interviewed. Twenty-six of them favor suffrage for the District, most of them strongly, some of them mildly. Two strongly oppose it.

But there is an interesting variety in the kind of suffrage that these men and women from among whom the first Council will be chosen would extend to the District. Many of them would grant the citizens of the District the right to vote merely in local affairs. About an equal number would have them vote both locally and Nationally, insisting on two Senators and as many Representatives in Congress as they can get. A few would grant suffrage in National affairs but withhold it in local affairs, preferring to leave the management of those still in the hands of Congress alone. And of those who would grant suffrage in local affairs, several insist upon property and educational qualifications for the exercise of the franchise.

Yes, we are beginning a most interesting experiment in government here, one in which some new phases of democracy are likely to be exploited. When we work out a system of government, it must be, necessarily, different from any other in the United States. Congress, because the Government establishments are here, must always exercise some control over the affairs of the District, yet the people who live and own property here are entitled to have a voice in the conduct of affairs. This will have to be a new form of dual government.

With the insistence that the District have Senators and Representatives in Congress, I cannot have much patience. It would be such a complete overturning of the very purpose for which the District of Columbia was established. I think the District should have a Delegate in Congress, as the Territories have.

The people who insist on voting representation in Congress would be greatly disappointed if it came. They expect several Representatives, yet they could hardly muster population enough for one. Though there are somewhere near half a million people here, four out of five of them are not citizens and would never want to vote in Washington. Take me, for instance. I live and work in Washington, but I am a citizen of Tennessee. Take Calvin Coolidge. His work is in Washington, but his citizenship is in Massachusetts. Take Sir Esme Howard. He works here, but he is a subject of King George of England. Take the elevator conductor who hauls me up and down. His job is here, but his home is among the Negroes of Porto Rico. The whole four of us—a reporter, a President, an Ambassador, and an elevator conductor—are dead sure that we are going back home when our work here is done. And we are typical of the great mass of people who make up the population of the District of Columbia. Two of us are a little less prominent and two a little more prominent than the general run, but we are types of the hundreds of thousands who sojourn in Washington but find here no abiding city. Without us the District might have enough people to entitle it to a member of the Maryland Legislature. But it would be a mighty small Congressional district.

This insistence upon representation in Congress and my own opinion of what it would result in remind me of something I saw and heard long ago.

A woman sat in one room. In the next room, the door open between, were a little boy and a nurse, the child reaching for something on a window-pane. The nurse restrained him, and he yelled.

From the next room the mother called, "Nurse, let him have it!"

The boy yelled more lustily. Indeed, he screamed.

The mother, more peremptorily than before, called, "Nurse, let him have it, I say!"

The nurse meekly replied, "He has it, ma'am."

It was a wasp.

Dixon Merritt.

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Sargent

Cable Correspondence from London

By C. LEWIS HIND

THE French have a saying, *"Montre ton œuvre, cache ta vie"* (Show your work, hide your life). That is what Sargent did. He was the shyest of men, and the kindest. His audacity and self-confidence flowed through his brush, never through his lips. It was agony to him to make a speech. Once only I heard him; it was at the Royal Academy celebrations in 1923 in honor of the bicentenary of Sir Joshua Reynolds. I had been told that he considered it his duty to speak. He did so, reading from a typewritten manuscript. He, the greatest artist of his age, spoke like a schoolboy, stammering and repeating.

He avoided public appearances; he hid his life. The great public knew him not, but the first question from everybody on the opening of a Royal Academy exhibition was, "What is Sargent showing?" Everybody was astonished when in 1910 he decided to give up portrait painting. Sargent refused to be any longer a slave to the rich and fashionable world. Like Gainsborough, he wanted to paint landscapes; but Gainsborough could not sell his. Sargent's heart was in his art, which included music. He could not be bothered with popularity.

Official duties bored him. At the Council meetings of the Royal Academy he would spend most of the time making sketches of his companions and memories of architecture that he had noted on his way to the meeting. When the great office of President of the Royal Academy became vacant, every persuasion was used to induce him to take it. He was adamant in his refusal.

A man of great culture, speaking most languages fluently, he could on occasion be blunt and slangy. He seemed to enjoy it as a relief. I was present when, after 1910, a lady approached him with a commission for a portrait, fee unlimited. He listened patiently and courteously, then shot out, "No, no more mugs for me." On another occasion, when he was asked to paint a nobleman's family, his first question was, "Any brats?"

Young artists, especially those whom he favored, adored him; but contact with the big world seemed to arouse in him a kind of brooding suspicion. I can see him now at a crowded Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner. Big, burly, flushed, with those full, rather bulging, inquisitive eyes that seemed to take in everything

Underwood

John Singer Sargent

and keep it secret. The speeches had been made, the company had moved, seeking friends; but Sargent sat alone in his place at the high table. I was fascinated by his penetrating, roving eyes and touched by his apparent loneliness; but, of course, it was what he wanted. "Shall I speak to him?" I murmured to myself. He saw me, gave a curt nod, and continued to stare moodily. He was not a mixer, but many painters blessed him. He often bought pictures, not because he wanted them—far from it—merely because the painter was in need of money.

A few months ago we had some talk, only because I pierced his armor of suspicious reserve. It was at the reception before the dinner given to D. S. MacColl on his retirement from the directorship of the Wallace Gallery. As it happened, I had been looking that afternoon at a photograph of his portrait of Carolus Duran, his master, which I had seen in Philadelphia a few years ago, and my head was full of the wonder of it. When I saw Sargent alone at the reception, watching, ever watching, I approached him and said: "Sargent, I wonder if you have ever been as excited as I was this afternoon about a portrait of yours painted in your Paris days." His eyes glowered at me, but, observing that I was sincere, "Was it Carolus Duran?" he asked. "Yes," I replied. "Can it be possible that you painted it when you were twenty-two?" "No; I was twenty-one."

In spite of his abrupt manner to acquaintances who interrupted his moodiness, there were times not to be forgotten when the great heart of Sargent was revealed. This my wife and I were privileged to enjoy when we were staying at the hotel in Boston which he made his home when he was working on his Art Gallery decorations. My wife had with her a portrait of an English lady by Sargent, unsigned. It was a gift, but the lady had been obliged to part with it owing to war taxes. My wife sent a note to Sargent, asking if he would sign it. He invited us to his apartment, and when my wife said to him, "I hope you do not mind her parting with a gift," he replied, "Not at all. I'm glad she had it to sell." He had not the proper paints with him, so next morning he went out in a blizzard, bought the colors he needed, and signed the picture. We spent an hour with him in his apartment. We saw and heard the real Sargent. We saw too how sensitive he was to criticism. The protests about his Jewish Law panel in the Boston Library were at their height. He showed me books to prove that his point of view was tenable.

It was strange that he should run counter to the Jews, as in London they were his friends and great patrons. It was Wertheimer who made the gift of the nine family portraits to the National Gallery. It was Duveen who supplied the funds for the Sargent Gallery at Millbank. It was the portrait of his friend Sir Philip Sassoon in last year's Royal Academy that was the finest work there. Brabazon, the great water-color painter,

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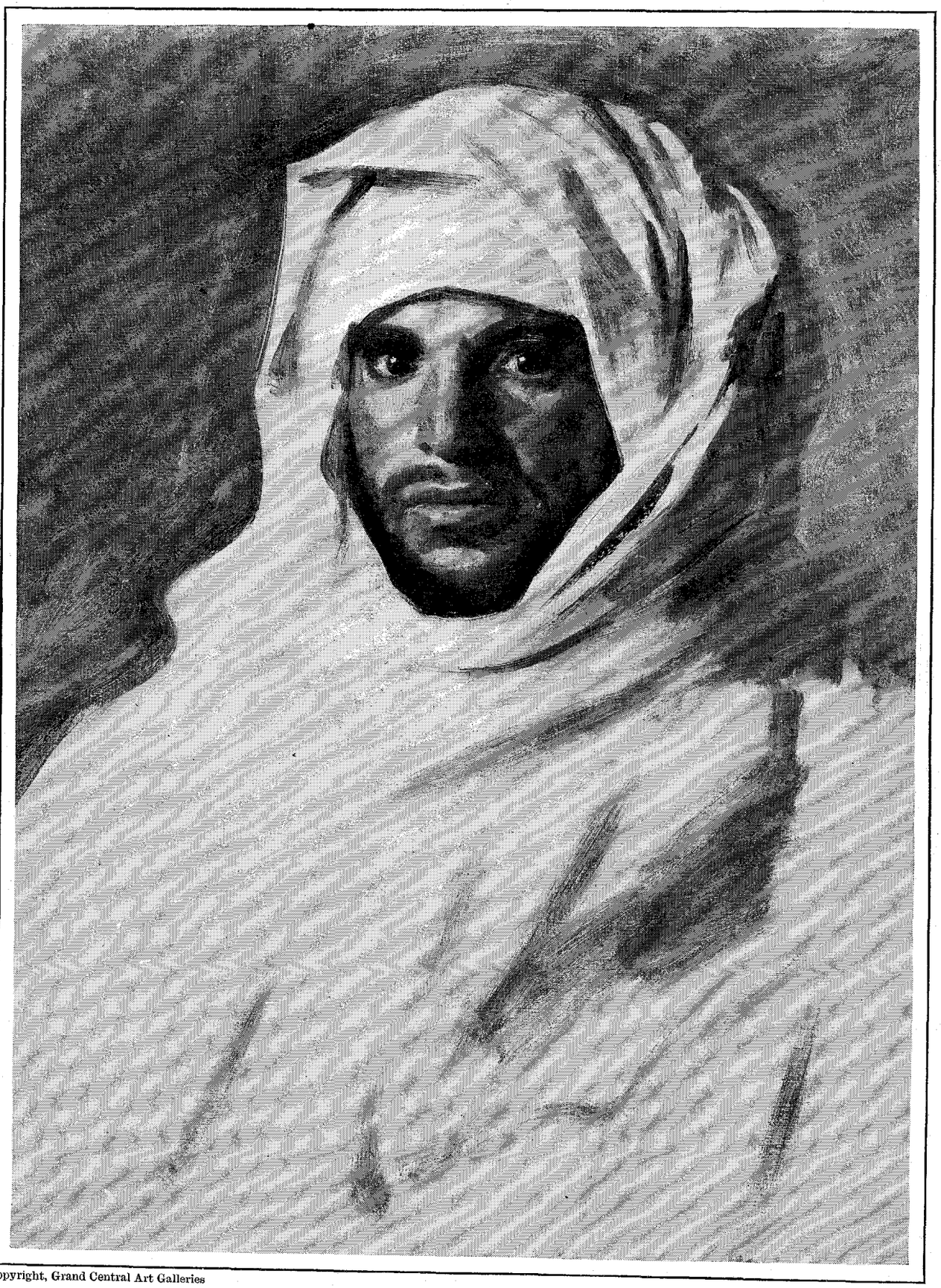

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Head of a Bedouin Arab, by the late John Singer Sargent

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was one of his intimates. It was his work that turned Sargent seriously to water-colors. At first music was their bond. One day he was lunching with Brabazon at his flat in Westminster. Sargent was a good trencherman, but the luncheon did not seem to interest him. Somebody asked the reason, and Sargent replied: "Those water-colors on the wall. I can think of nothing else. Whose are they?" They were all by Brabazon.

I have said little about Sargent's art. That is assured, fixed; he was alone on a height. He is a world loss. As I write plans are being made for the memorial service in Westminster Abbey.

London, England.

Expectancy

For M. W. M.

By DAVID MORTON

INCREDIBLE—that in a day . . . an hour,
To-morrow . . . or the next day . . . it may be,
The thing will happen, here . . . a leaf or flower
Will startle the young grass, and every tree
Will wear a new, dim softness, veiled and blurred,
And there the swift, blue darting of curved wings
Will scarcely be believed in for a bird,
So long and long expected—till it sings.

A little while . . . in one day . . . or in two,
New shapes and colors coming on the air
Like dreams of shapes and colors coming true . . .
So that I watch, my gaze gone wandering there
Above the eager earth, the swollen bough,
As though the thing might happen, even now.

The Banishment of Constantine[1]

The Turkish view of religious liberty

By A. RUSTEM BEY

Former Ambassador from Turkey to the United States

THE removal from Turkish soil of the newly elected Patriarch, Constantine VIII, has been the occasion for the Hellenic Government to adopt an overbearing and even threatening attitude towards Turkey, in contempt of international law and the principles of right and justice. These provocations should not be taken too tragically, containing as they do a large dose of bluff. But neither should they be treated too lightly, because they include appeals to the religious passions of Christendom. It is to be feared, in effect, that the formidable agitation which Greece is carrying on against her neighbor in the countries of the West in connection with the banishment of Constantine may succeed in rousing public opinion in their midst to forms of action which will add fuel to the fire. It is therefore to be hoped that, in the interest of that universal and enduring peace of which the United States, to-day the most powerful factor in international politics, has become the leading advocate and sincerest champion, the American public will take into due consideration the merits of the case, as explained in the following pages, and refrain from manifestations calculated to encourage a movement which, under the cover of religion, is intended to further the political ambitions of the most restless country in Europe.

Under the terms of the special convention concluded between Turkey and Greece at Lausanne for the exchange of the Orthodox and Mussulman populations inhabiting, respectively, the two countries, the entire native element in Turkey, with the exception of a certain category of residents in Constantinople, was marked out for expatriation. A mixed High Commission composed of two Turkish, two Hellenic, and three neutral members was appointed by the League of Nations to exercise a general control over the operations of exchange, while a secondary commission, subordinate to the former, to act as a court of appeal in relation to it, was charged with the task of sifting the "exchangeables" from the "non-exchangeables."

NOW this is how Constantine came to be banished. While still Metropolitan of Derkos, and as yet only a candidate for election to the patriarchal throne, his case was brought up before the secondary commission, which classed him formally among the exchangeables, the Hellenic delegates joining in what was a unanimous vote. In spite of this and of the declared intention of the Government to deal with Constantine according to the terms of the Lausanne convention, he was elected to the patriarchal see. This was an insolent act of defiance addressed to the Government, which, as was only natural, confirmed it in its intentions. Undeterred by the resolute attitude of Angora, the Hellenic delegates raised objections to the expatriation of Constantine on the ground that his was a special case deriving exceptional importance from the fact that he had become the Supreme Head of the Orthodox Church—an extraordinary piece of impertinence, seeing that they had been themselves instrumental in his election. The Lausanne convention containing no reservations whatsoever based on personal distinctions as regards liability to exchange, the High Commission declined to intervene, declaring itself incompetent in the matter. The Turkish Government, which

[1] See editorial comment on another page.

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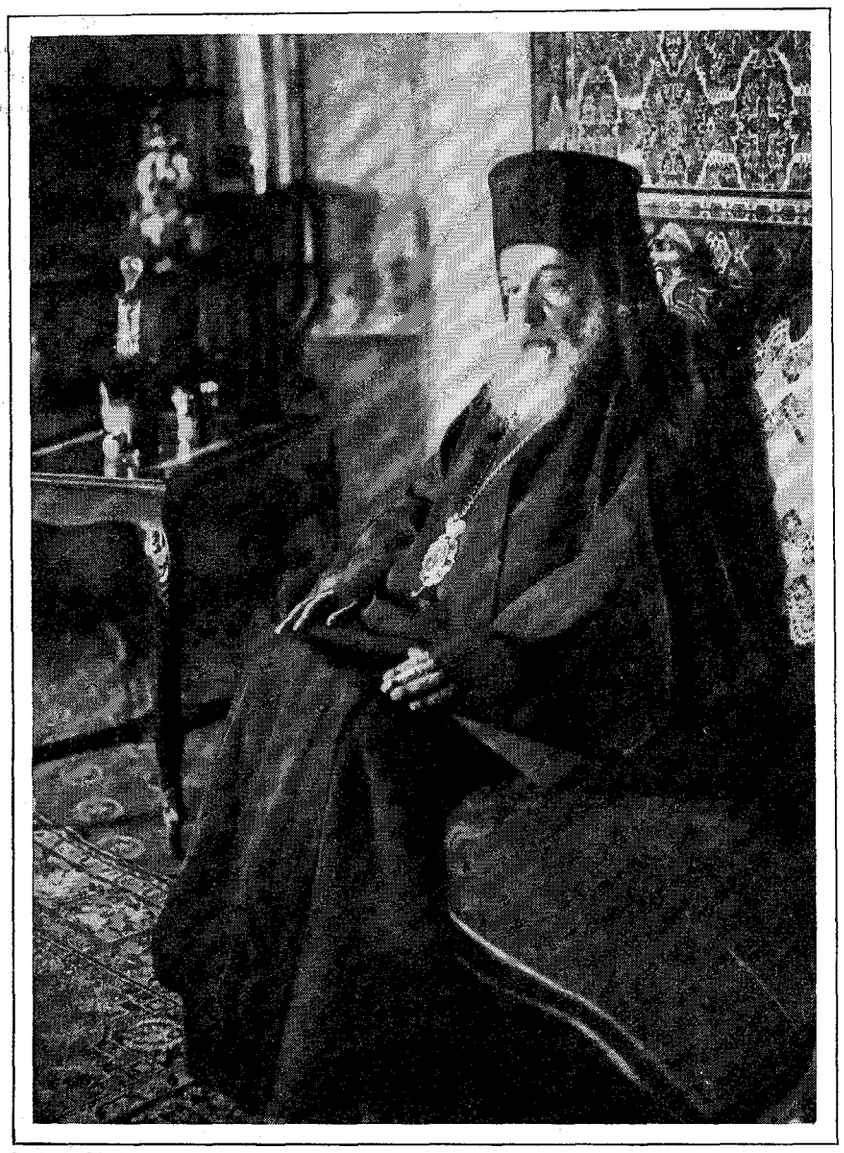

P. & A. Photos

Constantine, the Œcumenical Patriarch

had stayed its hand out of pure courtesy to the High Commission representing the League of Nations, was left entirely free to proceed according to its discretion. The next day a commissary of police, accompanied by a couple of subordinates, presented himself at the Patriarchate and, having informed Constantine of the decision of the Government to remove him without delay, bade him make preparations for immediate departure. The prelate conformed without demur. Within a few hours he was conveyed under escort to the railway station, whence he left for Salonika.

It should be noted that this measure does not signify the suppression of the Patriarchate—at least as the effect of a deliberate and specific act of the Turkish Government. Constantine was banished, not as Patriarch, but as a *quelconque* Greek liable to exchange. To accuse Angora, as is being done, of exploiting the Lausanne convention as a means of undermining the existence of the Patriarchate because her intransigence in the matter of its application, affecting as it happens to do the higher ranks of the Orthodox hierarchy, leaves very few, if any, persons available for election to the pontifical throne, is a willful misrepresentation of the situation. The object of the Lausanne convention was to permit Turkey to get rid of an inveterately hostile and particularly dangerous element, considered in the mass. The difficulties into which the Patriarchate has been thrown by the operation of this convention are purely incidental. On the other hand, it could not be reasonably expected of Turkey that she should make concessions out of sympathy for this institution which has played and is still playing such a nefarious rôle in her existence.

To revert to the general aspect of the patriarchal incident. That Turkey was strictly within her rights in dealing with Constantine as she has done there is not the shadow of a doubt. It is contended, however, on the Greek side and already in many Western quarters that, in consideration of the exalted situation of this prelate and out of deference to the religious sentiment of the Christian world, he should have been spared the indignity of expulsion; that, in any case, he should not have been "bundled out of the country like a common porter." These contentions, which may carry a certain weight with them in principle, fall to the ground by reference to the peculiarities of the situation.

The fact is that the vital principle of Turkey's internal sovereignty and external independence, that sovereignty and independence recovered at the price of so much blood and treasure, was involved in the case under consideration. That Constantine should have been elected Patriarch in the face of his formally recognized liability to expatriation and the declared intention of the Government to apply to him the terms of the Lausanne convention was an insolent challenge to Turkey on the part of Greece and the Greek community in Turkey, daring her to carry out an international stipulation which had become part of the law of the land. Manifestly, the idea was to force the hand of the Government by creating a *fait accompli*. Greece had brought about this situation with a view of probing the depth and extent of New Turkey's determination to uphold the status acquired by her under the Treaty (not the convention) of Lausanne and of measuring the strength of her international position. Having embarked on what was, in the last analysis, a deliberately planned contest for superiority, the Greek Government strained every nerve to achieve a victory over her neighbor in the shape of the exemption of Constantine from the operation of the Lausanne convention. Nothing daunted by its initial failure in this respect, it is exerting itself in view of obtaining the recall to Constantinople of the banished prelate through the intervention of the Christian world. This is the true explanation of the violent campaign Greece is carrying on against Turkey, ostensibly in the cause of Christianity.

Under the circumstances, the Angora Government could not possibly deal with the case in an accommodating spirit. The basic interest of Turkey, her dignity, the reputation she had to make for herself of a country freed from the weaknesses and hesitations of the past—everything forbade her entering into any kind of compromise. It was indeed a test case, as the Greeks had intended it to be. If she was to escape in the future the impertinent interferences in her domestic affairs which were such an obnoxious feature of her relations with the West in the past, if, in particular, she was to check definitely the aggressive tendencies of Greece, she had to make a

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firm stand. No considerations of international comity could be allowed to stand in her way.

As a matter of fact, the appeals made to her on this ground were entirely misplaced. There was nothing exalted in her eyes in the patriarchal quality of Constantine, in whose person she could only discern the perversely elected representative of an institution which had betrayed its spiritual mission by prostituting its activities to the attainment of sordid political ends—this at her expense and in abuse of the hospitality it enjoyed in her midst.

As for showing deference to the religious sentiment of Christendom, although relieved of all obligations in this respect by the violently offensive attitude systematically adopted by this world towards Islamism, Turkey has always been careful to avoid causing unnecessary pain to the followers of Christ as such. In the present instance absolutely no offense was meant. The removal of Constantine was the automatic effect, as repeatedly explained, of the operation of an international convention whose stipulations she was bound to enforce more drastically on this than on any other occasion, for the reasons adduced.

Finally, with reference to the form in which the measure of banishment was carried out, it is not true that Constantine was treated with rudeness or violence. The police commissary maintained a courteous attitude throughout, while the ready compliance of the prelate with orders of the Government gave no occasion for the employment of constraint. It was precisely because Constantine was not a common porter that he was given only a few hours' delay for departure. Encouraged by the defiant attitude the Greek Government has continued to observe towards Turkey even after the lesson received at her hands in Anatolia, the Greek community, temporarily cowed, has relapsed into its former attitude of aggressiveness. If this community was not to be given the opportunity of indulging in street demonstrations in connection with the removal of the Patriarch, an eventuality fraught with great danger for the public peace and order, he must be got out of the country as secretly and promptly as possible. The same course was followed for the same reasons in the case of the expulsion of the Caliph a year ago, when Medjid Effendi was also despatched across the frontier at a few hours' notice. For the rest, Constantine, by acting as a party to the conspiracy of which his election was the manifestation, had forfeited such claims as he might have possessed personally on the consideration of the Government. Generally speaking, why should Turkey have put on gloves for the circumstance when there is no indignity to which the Muftis removed from Macedonia were not subjected by the Hellenic authorities? On the other hand, is it not a fact that after the Armistice the Sheikh-ul-Islam (head of the Mussulman organization in Turkey), Khairi Effendi, was brutally carried off in the dead of night by the British police in Constantinople and transported to Malta, where he was lodged in a common dungeon for no other reason than that he formed part of the Unionist Cabinet? Verily, verily . . .

The patriarchal incident emphasizes the serious inconveniences attaching to the maintenance of Constantinople as the seat of the Patriarchate. That the supreme religious office of the Orthodox world should continue to be installed in Turkey, a Mussulman state containing to-day not more than a handful of members of the Orthodox Church, is a glaring administrative anomaly. From the political point of view, it is an unparalleled scandal that she should be obliged to harbor in her midst an institution which is notoriously a hotbed of anti-Turkish intrigue. This is a situation that Turkey cannot tolerate much longer. She did not hesitate to renounce the caliphal dignity with all the advantages it represented and expel the dynasty in which this dignity was vested, because she considered that the Caliphate stood in the way of her progress. She cannot be expected to be more forbearing in relation to the Patriarchate, which, being a source of special danger and trouble to her, is not even a national institution, as the Caliphate was. The Patriarchate must and will disappear from her soil. The sooner she gets rid of this incubus, the better, not only for her, but for the patriarchal institution itself.

No treaty or convention either with Greece or any other Power is in existence binding Turkey in any sense or form whatsoever in regard to this institution, whose survival in Constantinople after the conquest of this town in 1453 is based on a *berat* (ordinance) of Mahomet II, issued by him in the exercise of his sovereign power, and as such revocable at will. The Treaty of Lausanne, of which the convention for the exchange of populations is an annex, contrary to what is being printed in the British press in ignorance of the situation or else in sheer bad faith, imposes no obligation of any kind on Turkey in connection with the Patriarchate. In fact, the text of this diplomatic instrument does not contain a single reference to the latter. The subject of its maintenance in Constantinople was no doubt discussed at Lausanne and a declaration obtained from the Turkish delegation that it would not be removed, but this declaration figures only in the *procès verbaux* of the Conference, which deprives it of the force of an international stipulation. Besides, Turkey's consent was given *on condition* that the Patriarchate cease to deal in politics and plot against the state. This condition has been systematically violated.

Thus, juridically speaking, Turkey remains absolutely free to deal with the Patriarchate exactly as she chooses.

It is only a maudlin or religiously militant or again politically contaminated Christianity that can oppose the idea of the transference of the Patriarchate from Constantinople to some locality outside of Turkey, naturally on congenial Christian soil. From the point of view of the prestige of the Orthodox Pontificate, its dignity, the purification of its activities, the regularity and efficiency of its functioning, the operation can only redound to its advantage. That splendor and pomp, that *éclat*, those privileges and franchises which were once its estate in Turkey and of which it has been shorn as the result of its having ceased to be a branch of the state organism, it can only regain by its installation in a Christian country. In Constantinople it is doomed to drag on its existence in increasing obscurity. Such incidents as the banishment of Constantine and the flight of Meletius, his predecessor during the war and the Armistice periods, in anticipation of his expulsion as traitor to the state, not to speak of so many other humiliations the Patriarchate has brought upon itself since the conclusion of peace, are bound to recur periodically so long as it remains in Turkey, the very *raison d'être* of its residence therein being to act as a stronghold of Hellenic influence and to provide a base of operations in the heart of the place to Greek imperialism. To those who have at heart its interests as a religious institution nothing should appeal more than its "escape" from Constantinople. In the rehabilitation of its character they should see more than a compensation for its removal from the shadow of St. Sophia.

To conclude. The Greek agitation directed against Turkey is inspired by political ambition pure and simple. It is up to well-balanced Christianity, it is especially up to the United States, which can influence decisively the course of events one way or the other, to rise superior to religious prejudice and refuse their countenance to what is a vulgar imperialist enterprise. Nothing could serve better the interests of the world's peace.

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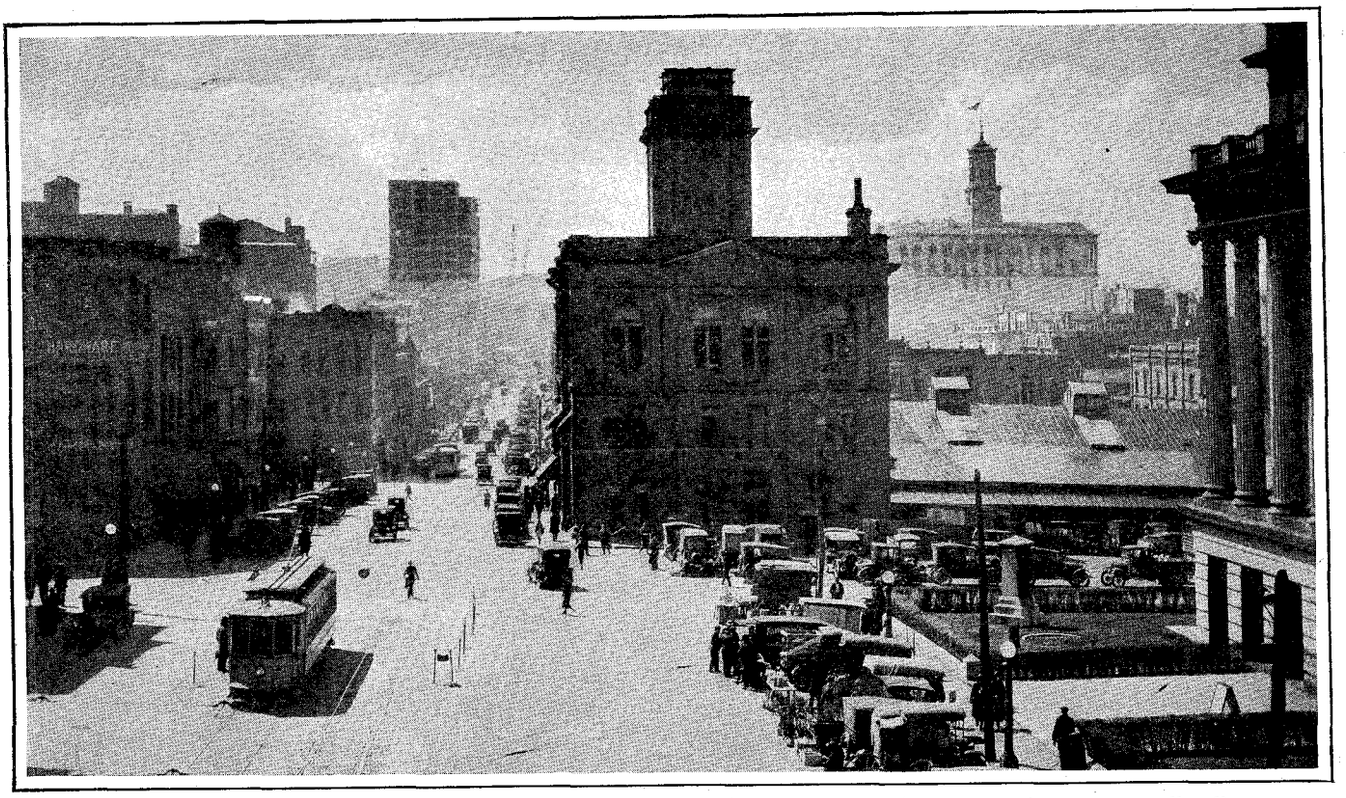

The solar plexus of Nashville. The nervous center of the city is congested in four streets, where every trolley line converges through one car-barn and where the bulk of the trade of this Southern Athens is carried on

Progress and the Parthenon

Nashville, the Athenian Pittsburgh of the South, reaches for life more abundantly

By GEORGE MARVIN

NASHVILLE has two atmospheres: the one palpable, of soft-coal smoke and its diurnal precipitation; the other of aspiration, impalpable, but with its local habitations and its names.

From the roof of the Social-Religious Building of George Peabody College for Teachers, which crowns one of the several acropolises of the city, you can see and inhale both atmospheres comprehensively if not clearly, looking around panoramawise over this thriving town of Tennessee cupped in its environing hills.

"There are more students per capita in Nashville," says the apostolic President of Peabody, with a sweeping gesture round the kingdom of learning, "than in any other city in this country." In general the South, especially when matters of local pre-eminence are under discussion, incontinently scraps the positive and comparative for the less convincing but more sonorous superlative. The average Southerner is a born booster, and the mood is contagious. Southerners boosted the American colonies into independence, and the patriotism of the South, local, sectional, and National, comparatively untarnished by alien ingredients, remains appropriately less a matter of fact than of the emotions. Before the "Lions of Nashville" sit down to their weekly luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce they stand up facing the flag behind their president's chair and sing—not "The Star-Spangled Banner," which is well-nigh unsingable for the average, non-operatic human voice—

> My country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty.

And, more than a hundred strong, they *sing* it, not sentimentally, not dolorously or with a dragging cadence, but full-throated and with a marching rhythm, heads up. Every man knows the words. It goes like a cheer. And the young "Lions" and their guests, having thus roared in unison, sit joyfully down as though they had drunk a bumper cocktail.

These are the men who are making the soft-coal smoke over the Greater Nashville they are fostering and fashioning. They are "the music-makers," and they are "the dreamers of dreams," building up one of the South's great cities. Moreover—and this is the impressive, if not the unique, fact—these "Lions" and their carnivorous brothers of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, the local Chamber of Commerce, and the various other business organizations of the city are the men who are solidly back of the extraordinary educational development of Nashville, a development which makes the now bromidic attribute of "Athens of the South" no more than a just phrasing of demonstrable and obvious fact. In Nashville there is not now —with all this roar and smoke of trade prosperity—nor ever has been any of the "town *versus* gown" feeling which has crippled the broadest conception of progress and traditionally blighted all sense of unity between citizens and students in some other educational centers in Europe and America. Business big and small in Nashville is dovetailed into the higher, broader learning. The business men of Nashville gave Vanderbilt University its new stadium. The business men of Nashville bought 125 pages of the Junior League edition of the "Tennessean," owned by ex-Senator Luke Lea, the man who, Nashville likes to tell you, volunteered as a buck private

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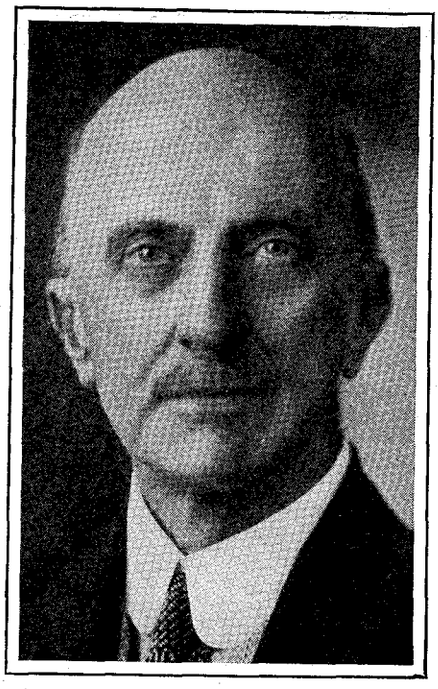
in 1917, nearly kidnapped the Kaiser, and finished the war as a colonel of field artillery. On the Palm Sunday that this piece is being written in Nashville girls and boys from Vanderbilt, Peabody, Ward-Belmont, and the other junior and senior colleges, graduates and undergraduates, are climbing on the running-boards of motor cars and holding up innocent bystanders on foot to sell this edition of huge bundles of printed matter—at all the traffic will stand—for the sake of a home for crippled children. They were at it at seven o'clock of this smoky morning, and they will be at it all day, not appealingly but imperiously, giving a fine example of hearty co-operation between this "town" and its co-educational "gowns" in charitable enterprise.

The same unity reaches further into the municipal fabric, determining its pattern. The chief executives of the various educational foundations and many of the teachers in their faculties are members of the local commercial clubs and regularly sit in at their meetings and luncheons. Conversely, the leading citizens among their alumni serve on the boards of trustees or the visiting committees of the several colleges, while State and city contributions supplement the generous donations of great philanthropic funds from the North. Just as Mr. Duke in North Carolina concluded



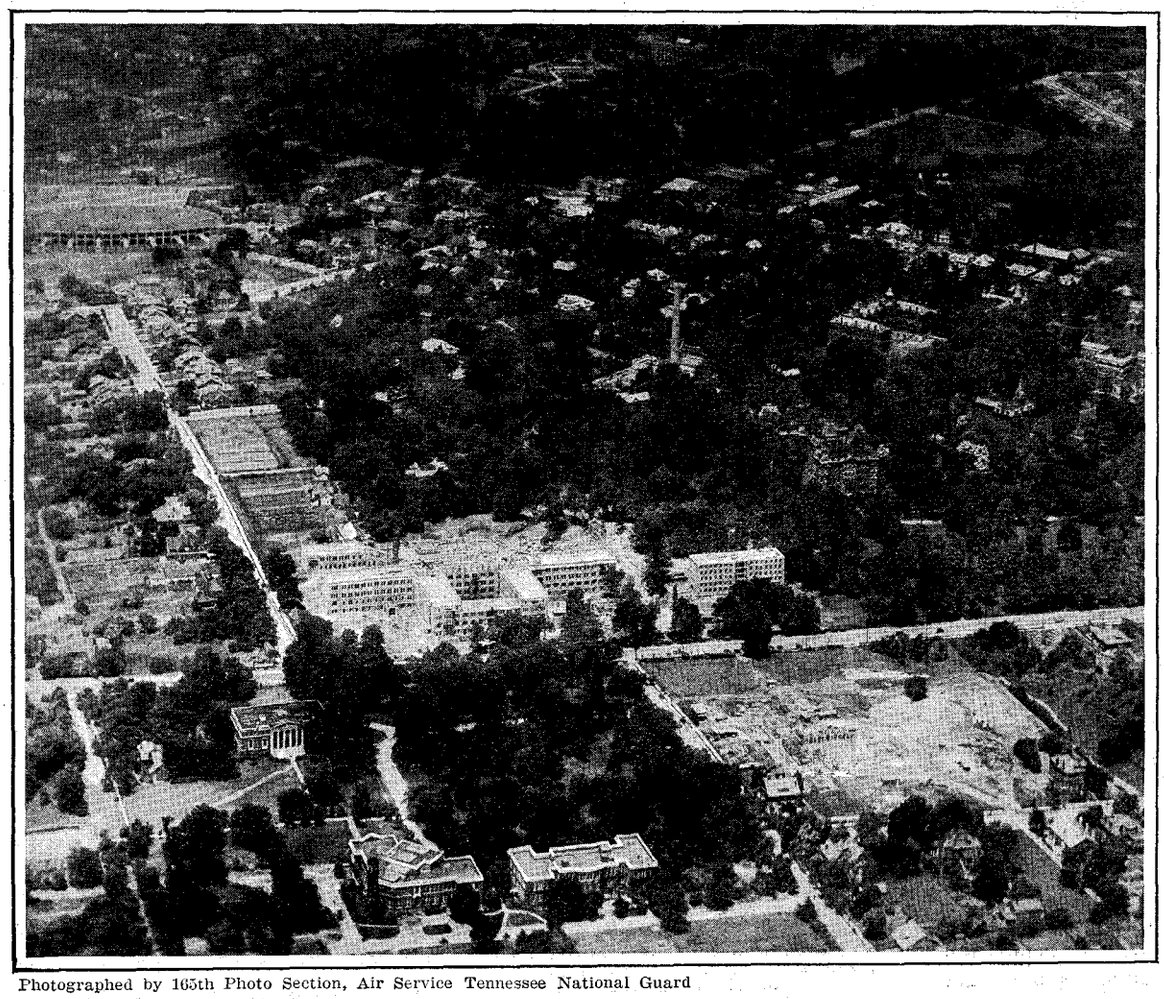
James H. Kirkland

Chancellor of Vanderbilt University. The leading figure in the cause of education in the South

it was no more than right to give back to his native State the forty millions he had gained from its own water power—even with the bull Durham of changing "Trinity" to "Duke" as the price of his endowment—so also in Tennessee the many beneficiaries of Nashville's colleges, privately or through their Legislature, have not been slow more becomingly to acknowledge their debts. The teacher in Nashville, as Nashville wants to consider him, is not merely an academic figure apart from the communal daily life. He is *a very considerable ingredient of it*, thus helping to knock on the head Bernard Shaw's caustic but too justifiable epitaph—"He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches."

The men and women who teach in Nashville not only can, but daily *do*. "I'll say they do." Possibly because of draughts of air from the cup-shaped contours of the city's terrain, the soft-coal smoke of commercial progress eddies ever downwards. You can ascend into the hills of righteousness here with pure hearts, but rarely with clean hands. The linen of breakfast time is Pittsburghed before luncheon. Your oxygen is qualified with bitumen; it gets into your throat and makes actual non-bilious specks before your eyes; and it doesn't make one bit of difference in the commercial or educational headway of the town.

For, while the emanations of trade and economical cooking and heating go eddying downward, the aspirations and the big ideas of Nashville go soaring invisibly upwards the way the smoke ought to go. President Payne's sweeping arm



Photographed by 165th Photo Section, Air Service Tennessee National Guard

Airplane view of Vanderbilt University, bowered in its trees

This picture is particularly effective as showing all the recitation buildings on the campus, the new Medical School and Nurses' Home, the new power plant, and the stadium. The buildings in the foreground are part of Peabody College

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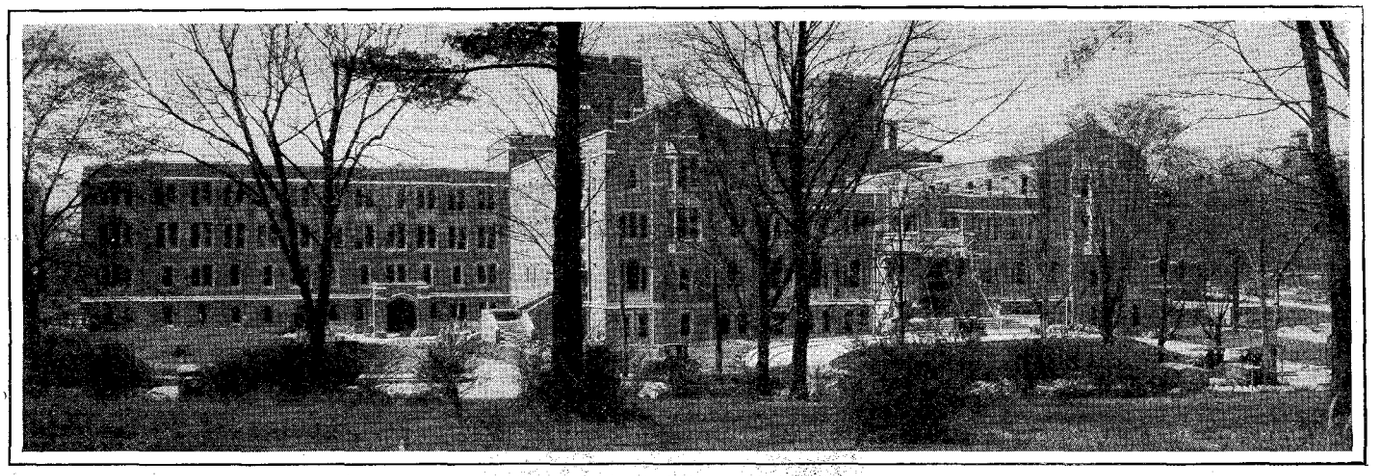

Vanderbilt University's new Medical School, the largest and most abundantly endowed in the South, in course of construction. This school, completed and in full running order, will be dedicated at the time of the semi-centennial next October

from the top of his beautiful social and religious temple indicates their material manifestations. Symbolical of all that he superlatively asserts, the Parthenon on its neighboring acropolis dominates the urban landscape and gives material point to the Athenian bromide. It is a perfect reproduction of the most perfect building, faithful in every proportion and dimension, in pediments and metopes copied from the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, and even in those delicate refinements of Greek architecture—such as the convex inclination of the axes of the columns—which are felt, and were intended to be felt, rather than noticed. Dedicated in the first place, not to some "blue-eyed" American Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom, but commemorative of the founding of the city, a lath-and-plaster Parthenon was built at the time of the Tennessee Centennial in 1897. When the present emulators of Phidias restored it on the same site in imperishable materials, they impliedly rededicated the building, which has only, after four years' work, been externally completed in February of the current year, to the Athenian character and to the faith and works of this Tennessee town. There it stands now, visible from many parts of the city, through the panoply of commercial progress, helping to prove the partially submerged truth that mankind does not live by the utilitarian alone.

The other additional and more operative proofs are spread in a great circle round the Parthenon—Meharry Medical School, the best institution of its kind for colored people; Fisk University, the home of the world-famous Jubilee Singers; Roger Williams College; the Catholic colleges of St. Cecilia and St. Bernards; Ward-Belmont Junior College. Following the oracular arm around the urban horizon, the eye of the beholder, standing thus on the roof of Peabody College, sweeps in detail from east to west, descrying the roofs of each successive institution—or that thickening of the murk where it ought to be—until the neighboring group of affiliated colleges and schools of Vanderbilt University are found close at hand embowered in their trees.

Superlatives are justified. In that comprehensive view are included 39 public and 48 private schools. More than 10,000 non-resident students are attracted here from nearly all the States in the Union by the unusual advantages offered by the institutions of higher learning established here mainly by huge bequests from the North. Some of Nashville's interest in this migratory population is accounted for by the material consideration of $5,000,000 annually spent here by students and their faculties of instructors. Money has flowed like a beneficent river into Nashville endowment to the extent of something like $25,000,000. And it keeps right on flowing like an inexhaustible river. The new Medical School of Vanderbilt—by far the most complete south of the St. Louis-Baltimore latitude—now nearing completion and to be dedicated at the University semi-centennial in October, enjoys alone an endowment of $8,000,000, mainly contributed by the Rockefeller General Education Board. While the typewriter clicks against the commandment on Palm Sunday, along comes another hundred thousand Yankee dollars for Chancellor Kirkland, to be used for the Vanderbilt School of Nursing. Peabody College, harmoniously materialized with an architectural scheme and general plan patterned after the University of Virginia, and with total assets already valued at more than $5,600,000, is ambitiously reaching out for a $17,000,000 endowment. Amazed at the capitalization of education in one city, one grows callous to figures, as in the time of war. Significant as they are, they begin to lose a measure of significance as one glimpses a tendency towards the American obsession of quantity production. Just as the enormous church missionary organizations in the United States are in danger of estimating success or failure by the tabulated *number* of converts, so is there danger that in these enormous educational enterprises quality will be gradually lost sight of in the competition for *size* of plant and product. Signs of this tendency are abundantly evident in other parts of the country besides this Pittsburgh-Athenian neighborhood of the South. It is a National, not a sectional, state of mind.

Bruce R. Payne

President of Peabody Teachers' College since 1911; the man who has built up the great material growth of the foremost normal institution in the South

Fortunately for Nashville and for the cause of true education in the South, a leavening influence is found in Vanderbilt University. In some respects this Nashville college is remindful of the University of Virginia. Its students, without faculty supervision, but less drastically, control the ethics and influence the conduct of the entire student body according to a code of honor sim-

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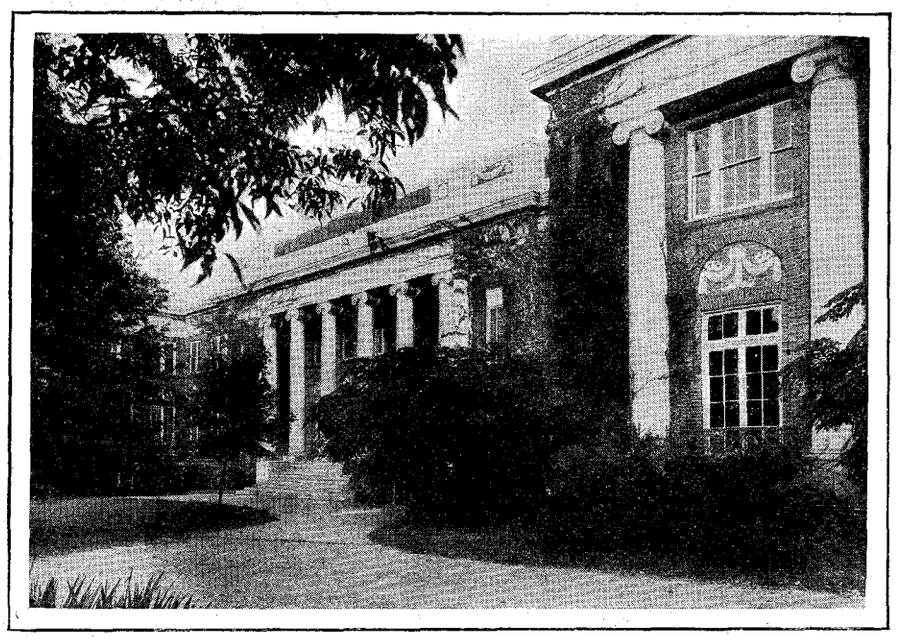

Home Economics Building of the George Peabody College for Teachers

In their architectural scheme, their homogeneity, and their grouping the buildings of the George Peabody Teachers' College at Nashville follow the beautiful example which Jefferson set a hundred years ago at Charlottesville with his University of Virginia

ilar to that of the "Cavaliers." Like Virginia, there is here no chronological class spirit, no distinct affiliation or organization by years, no class reunions as at Yale or Harvard or Princeton. The graduate's allegiance is a personal and individual relationship with the University. In one rare respect the college is the Southern counterpart of Dartmouth. Chancellor Kirkland is at one with President Hopkins in his resolve to preserve intact an institution devoted to a liberal education in the arts and sciences. He feels that there is real danger of American ideals being snowed under in the mad scramble after specialized vocational training leading to the degree of Master of Money. There must be room, he believes, in the stress of training to earn a living for "the knowledge"—however imperfect—"of thy truth" and the ingredients of a more abundant life.

When in 1875, while still the scars of the Civil War were raw, Commodore Vanderbilt completed the donation of $1,000,000 to found the Southern university which now bears his name, he dedicated it to a healing Christian service in memorable words which are now cut into the granite pedestal below his bronze figure, standing in front of College Hall. "If Vanderbilt University," he wrote "shall, through its influence, contribute *to strengthen the ties which should exist between all sections of our common country*" . . .

This is the spirit, the mission, of Vanderbilt, to strengthen ties. Tennessee is, with the exception of Missouri, the most contiguous State in the Union. Eight other States border upon it and send their quotas of students to be educated in Nashville. Vanderbilt and Peabody, Ward-Belmont, and the Negro colleges welcome them and send them back to their own localities reinvigorated by the spirit of broad-minded, liberal institutions exceptionally well equipped in the constantly multiplying subdivisions and new departments of teaching. But their influence extends over a far wider territory than State neighborhood. Thirty-three States are represented at Peabody; thirty-seven at Ward-Belmont, not to speak of searchers for knowledge gathered here from the Orient, Latin America, and Europe. If you were by some Titanic process to magnetize like iron filings all the graduates of Peabody who are teaching now in Texas, the defection of 1,300 alumni would entirely disrupt education in that State. On the threshold of Christmas and summer vacations railroad schedules have to be modified throughout the near-by territory while special trains of Ward-Belmont girls are "quantity-distributed" to their holiday destinations.

Ties are strengthened locally as well. The seventy-six umbrageous acres of Vanderbilt lie just across the street from the half-mile Jeffersonian frontage that Peabody is building. In operation the affiliation is even closer. Nearly a hundred Vanderbilt students are beginning to learn at Peabody how to teach. One hundred and fifty embryo or graduate teachers from Peabody make use of the libraries and special courses of instruction provided at the College or the Graduate Schools of Vanderbilt. During the summer term, after the regular sessions of Vanderbilt have closed, Peabody, temporarily comprehending some of the educational plant of the neighboring institution, becomes itself a university.

Nashville is nothing if not superlative. Listen to its song, as boastful as the sagas of the Northmen: "Its population is 97 per cent native-born; it publishes more religious periodicals and literature (*sic*) than any other city in the United States; it makes more soft collars for men, retails more automobile tires, packs more meat, turns out more feather pillows, makes more bed-springs and mattresses, ships more eggs, has more square feet of cold storage, manufactures more bricks, grinds more wheat, than any other city in the South." In some details it exceeds—so it says in print—all other cities in the Union and admits world supremacy in a few others. And, one visiting Yankee would like to add, it produces more soft-coal smoke and dust per capita than any other town he knows, with the possible exception of Northern Pittsburgh.

But, be all these matters as they may. Comparisons are invidious if not odious. In some ways Nashville cannot greatly exaggerate. The obvious facts, without statistics, are strong enough. This is a law-abiding community. At the intersection of each cross-street with the main thoroughfares of traffic the city administration has written in big white letters on the asphalt the word "STOP." And, *mirabile dictu,* all Nashville actually does stop—flivvers and battleships and dreadnaughts and motor-car aviators. Pedestrians during the rush hours in the four congested streets—the solar plexus of Nashville's nervous system—where most of the city's business is done, may not cross over until the bell rings and the red light shows in the traffic masts. Docilely they line the curbs, not trying to cross!

During a visit of one week, when hotels were crowded to the point where men slept in bathtubs and on billiard-tables—Nashville knows it needs more caravansaries, and is building them as fast as it can—no single instance of Volstead infringement was noticeable. Jazz is not the dominant note. Young men and women at Vanderbilt write and publish poetry and still hold up their heads on the campus. In thirty years the city has known, and deplored, one lynching, and the only racial disturbance that has occurred, the recent row at Fisk, was stimulated by a Negro agitator from the North.

Most of all, Nashville stands out by reason of its great respect for the truth that comes with knowledge. On the rising tide of its commercial progress it builds its Parthenon. It does not grow old; it grows younger year by year. It is the city of youth. The country can't go far wrong with towns like Nashville in it.

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The Coming Revolution in America

The Higher Strategy of Labor

By THOMAS N. CARVER

Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University

THERE are two distinct types of leadership in the world. One type—and this is always the most numerous—strives for leadership by appealing to the worst that is in human nature, namely, the belligerent, rancorous, and covetous feelings. It goes before the people and tells them a great deal about their rights, their wrongs, and their grievances; but tells them nothing about their opportunities and their obligations. It stirs up envy and hatred rather than the spirit of mutual understanding and co-operation. The other and less numerous type tells the people a great deal about their opportunities and obligations, and nothing about their rights, their wrongs, and their grievances. The one exploits the wrongs and the grievances of those to whom it is talking, and denounces the sins of other people who are not present to defend themselves or to state their case. The other talks to the people about their own duties and about what they owe to themselves, to society, and to the world.

THE results of one type of leadership are resentment, envy, and covetousness. The results of the other type of leadership are a deepening of the sense of duty and a wider knowledge of opportunities. The one kind is the work of demagogues, though they usually pose as heroes. The other is the work of men of courage and conviction, though they do not pose as such. It does not take any courage, for example, to talk to laboring men about the sins of capitalists, or to capitalists about the sins of laboring men. It does take a good deal of courage to talk to either class about its own sins and its obligations to other classes.

By way of illustration, let us look at the case of the Negroes of the South. They undoubtedly have their rights, their wrongs, and their grievances; and there are plenty of leaders to tell them about such things and to stir up the feeling of envy and resentment. They also have their opportunities and their obligations; and they had Dr. Booker T. Washington to talk about these things.

The writer suggests an experiment to any reader who is in doubt as to which of the two types of leadership was represented by Booker T. Washington, Abraham Lincoln, or any of the other really constructive leaders of the world, not excluding even the Founder of Christianity.

Let him take a sheet of paper and rule it in two columns. Then let him make a careful study of the recorded utterances of Booker T. Washington. Let him put in the left-hand column every citation in which Dr. Washington said anything to any Negro or group of Negroes that was calculated to stir up bad feeling. Let him put in this column everything that he told them about their grievances, their wrongs, and even their rights. In the right-hand column let him put every citation in which Dr. Washington told the Negroes to whom he was speaking of something that they could do for themselves and of what they owed in the way of duty and obligation to society, to the Nation, and to civilization. Then let him make a comparison of the two columns.

On another sheet of paper, ruled in the same way, let him record the results of a similar study of all the published utterances of Abraham Lincoln. Let him put in the left-hand column every citation in which Lincoln tried to stir up bad feeling or resentment. Let him put in this column also every citation in which Lincoln told the people whom he was addressing anything about their rights, their wrongs, or their grievances, either real or imagined. In the other column let him include every citation in which Lincoln tried to conciliate and bring about a better understanding, and in which he told the people whom he was addressing something about their opportunities and their obligations. Having done this, let him compare the two columns.

If the reader is interested in going further with this experiment, let him rule a third sheet of paper in the same way, and proceed to record the published utterances of the Founder of Christianity, putting again in the left-hand column every citation in which he tried to create bitterness of feeling or to stir up resentment, or in which he told the people whom he was addressing anything about their rights, their wrongs, or their grievances. In the other column let him include every citation in which he told the people of their opportunities and their obligations. He will see a great similarity among these three sheets of paper. He will find the left-hand column either absolutely blank or almost blank, and the right-hand column full.

Then let him try the same experiment with any three of the raucous leaders of popular discontent of the present day, and let him compare these three sheets with the other three. Of course the leaders who are the subject of the second study and whose records are found on the second group of three sheets pose as the leaders of discontent. They and their followers will resent this comparison. They will claim that the purpose of such a study as is here proposed is to allay discontent and to ally the readers and all moral agencies, including the churches, against the forces of discontent. This would not be an accurate statement, however, because there are two distinct kinds of discontent. It all depends on which kind of discontent one has in mind. The purpose of the leaders of the constructive sort is to create discontent of the right sort as truly as it is the purpose of the destructive group to create discontent of the wrong kind.

THERE is one kind of discontent that is based on egotism and supreme contentment with self. There is another kind of discontent that is based upon modesty, self-criticism, and discontent with self. If I am a supreme egotist and so thoroughly contented with myself as to be utterly unable to imagine that I can possibly be in the wrong, I am absolutely certain to be very much discontented with other people, with society, with the industrial system, and with the world in general, especially if I think I am not treated as well as I ought to be treated. The destructive kind of leadership flatters this kind of egotism and stirs up this kind of discontent. It is very safe to be this kind of leader. On the other hand, if I am sufficiently modest and given to self-criticism to be able to see my own faults and not to be infuriated when they are pointed out to me, I may become discontented with myself, with my own morals, my own education, my own industry, my own thrift, my own wisdom, my own constructive achievements. I belong to the discontented class, but my discontent is the kind that begins at home—where other good things begin. I am then ready for progress. I can respond to the kind of constructive leadership that was achieved by Booker T. Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and the

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Founder of Christianity. There is hope for me and for every one else who is in the same mood. A nation made up of such people will be a very progressive nation. This progress, when it comes, will be the result of discontent, but it will be discontent of the right kind. It is the only kind of discontent that ought ever to be called divine.

Labor leaders may be grouped in the same classes as those we have described. The destructive leaders are still engaged in the immediate strategy of battle; the constructive leaders are thinking and acting and speaking in terms of the higher strategy. The destructive leaders merely give expression to the primitive, fighting instinct that would destroy whatever irritates it or appears in the moment of passion to be an enemy; that encourages a man to break a chair against which he has stumbled, to throw clubs at his chickens if they do not come when they are called, to engage in other perfectly natural but perfectly futile activities. The constructive leaders are those who think ahead and try to get their followers to act in accordance with far-sighted wisdom rather than in accordance with sudden passion.

A CONSTRUCTIVE programme in behalf of the laboring classes should, of course, include many things that we have already been doing in this country. The prosperity that has come to the laboring classes in America, as compared with that in other countries, would be an economic miracle if there were not some sound reasons for it, and miracles do not happen in the economic world.

First and foremost, there should be a keen discrimination between predatory and productive methods of getting a living. If we can bring it about that no one can ever get anything for himself without contributing an equal amount to some one else, we shall, of course, have achieved the motto, "He that would be great among you, let him be your servant." The country that can make every citizen feel that he will prosper in exact proportion as he contributes to the total prosperity—such a country has achieved the first and fundamental condition of prosperity for all classes and occupations.

Another item in a constructive labor programme almost as fundamental as the one already described is a system of popular and universal education.

To begin with, if any young person is compelled to do a less useful work when he might, had he had the proper training, have done a more useful work, something definite is subtracted from the possible prosperity of the country as a whole.

We should not be satisfied with merely training men and women for the skilled manual trades, or even for the ordinary white-collar jobs. We should be prepared to train men to rise as high in the social and economic scale as their inherited capacity will permit them to rise.

Incidentally, prohibition is probably contributing something not only to the general prosperity but to the diffusion of prosperity as well. One might observe, parenthetically, that the silliest argument that could possibly be uttered in behalf of labor is that the present prohibitory law is unfair to labor inasmuch as it permits the wealthy classes to buy bootleg liquor and makes it difficult for the laborers to get it. Those laborers who know their own interest are very thankful that this is true. Every constructive labor leader of the country realizes this and is frankly either for the strict enforcement of the prohibitory law or for some other measure that will reduce the evils of drink.

ANOTHER factor in the increase of general National prosperity, and also in the wider diffusion of wealth, has been the democratic idea that any useful occupation is respectable. The idea inherited from the militant type of society that business was less respectable than the profession of arms, politics, law, medicine, or theology has had no place in this country except among a small and negligible minority of sentimentalists. The attempt of radicals to associate the word *bourgeois* with all that is evil and repulsive is a mere perpetuation of that old and aristocratic idea. The *bourgeois* is merely the man of peace, the man who tries to get what he wants either by producing it himself or by bargaining with other people. There are not many ways of getting what you want, and the other ways are all a little less respectable even than bargaining.

Now it happens that one of the scarcest factors in the expansion of any industry is organizing and directing talent. When this is abundant, it has the same effect on the demand for labor that an abundance of sugar has on the demand for cranberries. A really constructive programme in the interest of labor is one that would encourage the very smartest men in the country to go into business. The more Henry Fords there are in business, the more demand there will be for labor. Where democratic traditions prevail and all useful occupations are regarded as equally respectable, where there is no prejudice against the *bourgeoisie,* where laborers themselves encourage men to go into business because they see that it will be good for labor if they do, there you will find excellent conditions for labor, high wages, and all that laborers want in great abundance.

ANOTHER factor in the constructive labor programme is the increase in the supply of capital. If the laborers themselves are thrifty and careful to invest their savings in productive industry, that in itself helps to increase capital. In a country where labor leaders write books on the fallacy of saving, where they talk about the peculiarity of the capitalist system, where they imagine that the way to increase wages is for everybody to consume up to his capacity, leaving no one with a surplus to invest in new inventions and new industries, in a country where the general attitude of labor is one of hostility to capital and capitalists, there will be comparatively little capital accumulated and little industrial expansion. Such labor leaders are doing injury to laborers and are not helping them. In a country, on the other hand, where labor leaders encourage thrift and wise investment among their people, where they encourage the development of institutions for the accumulation and investment of savings, there all of the factors in industrial expansion will exist in great abundance.

A few years ago some college students asked the writer what he thought was the largest field for social service now open in this country. He replied, investment banking. Because billions of dollars of savings are wasted in bad investments, there are fewer industries running successfully than we might have, there is less demand for labor than there might be, and lower wages and more unemployment than we should have. If a large number of college graduates should study the problem of investment and become wise and sound investors, it would save a great deal of waste. Capital does not automatically find a wise investment; it finds it because it is directed by a wise investor.

IT is to the interest of labor that as large a number of talented men as possible should go into business; that these men should have available as large a supply of capital as possible; that there should be as many wise investors who know how to pick the right kind of men to back with their investments. It is to the interest of labor that capital shall increase as rapidly as possible. This will not only equip the existing number of laborers more abundantly, thus increasing their productive power; it will tend to lower the rate of interest. Labor will thus gain twice. It will gain in common with the country in general, through the increased productivity of industry; it will gain again by getting a larger percentage of this increased product.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

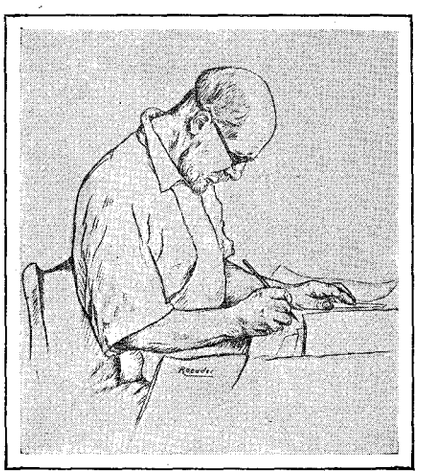
KING EDWARD VII; A BIOGRAPHY. By Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. I. The Macmillan Company, New York. $8.

Here is the first volume of a two-volume work; the other, it is hoped, will be published during 1925. This one covers the period from birth to accession to the throne—that is, from 1841 to 1901. It is the official biography; it was written with the approval and assistance of the son of King Edward, the present King, George V. It is official also in the sense that it does not deal in gossip and scandal; anybody looking for spicy revelations will be disappointed. It does not dodge facts of any importance, however; the Tranby Croft baccarat scandal, for instance, is adequately and truthfully described in a page or two. All that concerned the then Prince of Wales in the incident has long been well known; and all that it amounts to is to show that, like every one else of his class, the Prince sometimes played cards for money stakes.

The book is unsparing in its descriptions of the rigid discipline and training which his parents imposed upon the Prince. It does not claim any extraordinary ability for its subject, and an example of the Prince's oratory, on one occasion when he spoke in the House of Lords, although the subject of a complimentary letter from a Minister to the Queen, reports a few remarks of a commonplace nature. Yet good common sense—ahead of that of some British statesmen—a genuine kindliness and courtesy, and the wisdom to make friends for his country, especially and most usefully in France, give him a strong claim for the gratitude of his countrymen. He never agreed happily with his nephew, the German Emperor Wilhelm, and that fact alone indicates that he had penetration. Wilhelm appears in these pages as an international Meddlesome Matty, First Class, with the Grand Cordon and Diamond Star.

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH, AND CHISEL: THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST. By Emil Fuchs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50.

This is the autobiography of a distinguished and delightful artist—portrait painter, sculptor, and etcher. The illustrations which adorn the book give evidence, if any one needs it, that his work has strength, delicacy, and great charm. The story of his life will be familiar to many who have already seen these chapters in the "Saturday Evening Post." To some of his readers it may be strange that so admirable and successful an artist as Mr. Fuchs should have dwelt so often upon his disappointments and momentary fits of dejection, but perhaps these are only indications of a sensitive nature. Many other readers, and, it is lamentable to say, many Americans, will take pleasure in the weakest parts of the book. These are the many pages devoted to the artist's contacts with royal and imperial personages. It will be suspected that



Emil Fuchs

these passages were emphasized and lengthened at the request of American editors, and that, in consequence, the author of the book is not altogether responsible for the weight which is given to them. It is interesting to know that Mr. Fuchs had as sitters Queen Victoria and her son, King Edward. It is an interesting fact that he drew a portrait of the Queen as she lay on her deathbed, and that the German Emperor came into the room while he was at work and made a few remarks of godlike condescension. The opportunities which Mr. Fuchs had of sketching princes and dukes while they were playing bridge resulted in some fine pictures, and it is noteworthy that he designed the portrait of King Edward for the postage-stamps, but the conversation which these royal folk emitted is simply dreadful. One feels sorry for kings, queens, and presidents, because they have to make many perfunctory remarks, but it is downright cruelty to record their platitudes. With a king, queen, and emperor, and one or two other highly titled persons all in the room at one time, it is painful to learn that nothing was said of more importance than the remark made by Mr. Thackeray when he happened to bump against a lady, as related by the lady herself in one of Mr. Lucas's books. This conversational gem, always told most impressively by the lady in her old age, was "Pardon me."

FICTION

SOUNDINGS. By Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Readers of reviews have already been amply informed of Hamilton Gibbs's relation to other excellent Gibbses who are writers. We venture to doubt if any other Gibbs alive ever wrote half as good a novel as "Soundings." Its supreme merit lies in the fact that it deals with the sex *motif* with absolute frankness and yet with reverence for womanhood. Equally well, it succeeds in giving people reality and in endowing them also with charm. Nancy, her father, and her American lover, all three, leave the feeling of graciousness and lovable quality, and yet all are human—realistic in the sense of not being artificial. There is a strange problem worked out here as between passion without love and passion with love. The author at the end rather dodges the logical solution, and the reader thereby feels a little "let down," but as a whole the novel is a notably strong, original, and honest piece of writing, one that has earned the popular reception it has obtained.

THE STORY OF WILBUR THE HAT. By Hendrik Van Loon. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

Wilbur was a hat with nothing under him; but he was a good conservative hat and came from Boston. His adventures (illustrated in full and fervent color by the author) carry him, after he is whirled away by a tornado, into a peculiar and interesting region. It is the place to which Dante fled in despair after an ill-advised friend had taken him to see his own Inferno in the movies. But, although he took his whole hell with him, carefully packed, and set it up there in somewhat different form, it is a land where nobody is ever punished except by getting exactly what he wants. Wilbur's guide and exponent of mysteries during his travels is Cedric the Cricket—no relation to the Cricket on the Hearth; such literary affiliations as Cedric admits are with a certain Mr. Archibald, a cousin, "who is employed by a man called Marquis in New York or Newark or somewhere." The right name of the country, despite Wilbur's occasional sus-

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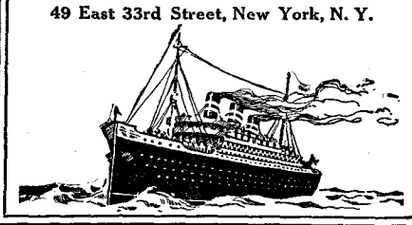

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picions that it ought to be something more sinister, is merely The-World-Which-Does-Not-Exist. No harm comes to him there, but he is not comfortable. Things are too queer and too upsetting, and no proper respect is shown for institutions, theories, or individuals. His hero, Napoleon, is reduced to a midget figure tugging a giant cannon; and when he asks to be shown "the greatest of builders," that mighty genius is occupied in constructing neither bridge nor skyscraper—he is a person named Stradivarius, sitting placidly under a tree with a lot of wood chips, making a fiddle. A delightful satire, equally compounded of rollicking fun and wholesome earnest, and the pictures are almost as amusing as the text.

MISCELLANEOUS

THINGS I SHOULDN'T TELL. Anonymous. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $4.50.

The hand that assembled the anecdotes for "Uncensored Recollections" has again busied itself with similar materials assembled by a like method, and the result of these labors is a book entitled "Things I Shouldn't Tell." The title is well chosen, for many of the things narrated should not be told, by reason of their advanced age, or their vulgarity, or the evidences they bear of manufacture. One observes in perusing this volume that nearly every person mentioned in it has been dead long enough to escape the searcher after truth. Nor does the author's habit of bracing up his stories by crediting them to the Duke de Roquefort or the Marquis de Camembert strengthen the illusion of veracity. Among the mossy anecdotes to which attention may be directed is that of Count Herbert Bismarck when he tried to storm his way into the presence of the Holy Father, crying: "Open at once! I am Count Herbert Bismarck!" To which a high official of the Vatican made answer, "That explains, but does not excuse your conduct." This is really an excellent story. There is nothing the matter with it except that it has been freely circulated for many decades and applied to many different boors and officials. There is an old Scotch saying that where McGregor sits is the head of the table, but in the volume under discussion it is credited to the drunken young Duke de Gramont Caderousse, whose high-sounding title has been selected with a view to imparting to the tale an air of verisimilitude.

We are not surprised to find anecdotes reflecting the hearty British fondness for what is still called practical joking in that happy isle. "Charley" Beresford—there is always fun alive when this mirth-provoking aristocrat appears on the scene—once placed a bathtub full of water outside the room occupied by Christopher Sykes in an English country house and then summoned him so excitedly that he rushed forth in great haste and fell into the water. No power on earth could still "Charley's" love of innocent fun. He was the ringleader of a choice coterie of jokers, and one night, while guests at a country house, this little band of humorists sought their rooms at an early hour, and when the ladies of the party followed hurled down at them undergarments, brushes, combs, shoes, and other articles, thereby creating a perfect gust of merriment. No British book of reminiscence is complete without such tales of comical diversion as these. That this volume is, like the razors of ancient fable, "made to sell" is shown by the amount of space devoted to the amours of various royal personages who have prudently died so as to be beyond the possibility of denial. Gossip of this sort about titled people has a peculiar charm for a large element in the American public, and will be read eagerly by many who take no interest in similar cackle concerning our millionaires. It would be interesting to know how this volume is regarded by those men and women who are familiar with society in England and on the Continent.

OLD WAGON SHOW DAYS. By Gil Robinson. The Brockwell Company, Cincinnati. $2.50.

It may be that in writing "Old Wagon Show Days" Mr. Gil Robinson builded better than he knew and blazed the trail for a succession of books, both of fiction and of history, which shall enlighten the public in regard to one of the most picturesque occupations thus far neglected. Mr. Robinson, as his style of writing indicates, is not a literary man. But for the task he has undertaken he is better qualified by reason of his familiarity with his subject, for he is the son of John Robinson, who founded the circus business in America very early in the nineteenth century. The book does not pretend to be a complete history of the calling in which the Robinsons have been engaged, but it gives one a picture of circus life long before and immediately after the Civil War, when wagons carried performers and their tents along rough, muddy roads and every one connected with the enterprise was expected to bear arms in case of assault by those miscreants who, even up to the present day, regard a traveling show as something worthy of attack. Mr. Robinson has many anecdotes to relate of his father's experiences, and prints a catalogue of the most famous performers in the business, many of whom have been before the public in comparatively recent years. The

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volume is illustrated with a number of extremely interesting pictures, including portraits of some of the most famous circus folk of the last century. There are still elderly persons in the country who have attended circuses all their lives and can remember the various equestriennes, trapeze performers, and others who have flitted before their gaze. To these devotees of the sawdust ring Mr. Robinson's excellent work will appeal strongly.

THE CELEBRITIES CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK. Simon & Schuster, New York. $1.90.
EVERYBODY'S PUZZLE BOOK. Compiled by Mary Virginia Worstall. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.
BIBLE QUOTATION PUZZLES. Fifty-two Leading Bible Verses Arranged as Numerical Enigmas. By J. Gilchrist Lawson.

The first of these is an excellent book of cross-word puzzles—take it from one who has tried them, that it is one of the best. That they were actually made by the celebrated men and women whose names are attached to them is a story which may be related to the United States Marine Corps. Imagine—if you have ever tried to make a cross-word puzzle—that Governor Al Smith in this busy year of his life made his puzzle, or that Ann Pennington or Anna Pavlowa did, either! Perhaps Gelett Burgess did make his. And it's a good one. And the book—whoever really made the puzzles—is a good one.

"Everybody's Puzzle Book" contains almost every kind of puzzle *except* the cross-word variety. And the "Bible Quotation Puzzles" are enigmas, not cross-word puzzles; they are useful for teaching Biblical quotations.

Notes on New Books

QUEEN OF THE DAWN. By H. Rider Haggard. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

The picture on the jacket is the portrait of a great sphinx, and that, together with the fact that the title-page tells us that this is a love tale of old Egypt makes us sure that in its pages we shall meet our old friends Ammon and Thoth, together with that hero of the cross-word puzzles, Ra. And we look upon the book tenderly, remembering "King Solomon's Mines" and "She."

THE EIGHT FORTY-FIVE. By Robert M. Gay. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.25.

A short humorous story purporting to be extracts from the diary of John Skinner, a commuter.

GRASS. By Merian C. Cooper. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.75.

The story of the making of the moving-picture play of the same name.

THE FIGHT ON THE STANDING STONE. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

A railroad story concerning a fight for the right of way.

INVISIBLE WOUNDS. By Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The war correspondent and writer of short stories writes a love story of the war.

STELLA DEFIANT. By Clare Sheridan. Greenberg, New York. $2.

This is a novel to make the flappers gasp. The heroine is "vibrant," and the story is about Russia, and Communism, and Modernism in art, and self-expression, and so forth.

J. M. BARRIE. By Patrick Braybrooke. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A chapter is devoted to each of Barrie's plays, and there are further considerations upon the characteristics of his work, both plays and novels.

HOW TO SEE MODERN PICTURES. By Ralph M. Pearson. The Dial Press, New York. $2.50.

Discusses a new method of approach to pictures and the value of the new use of line, cubes, and other modern developments.

OLD BRIG'S CARGO. By Henry A. Pulsford. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $2.

A novel of adventure in the days of sailing ships eighty years ago.

CHILD MARRIAGES. By Mary E. Richmond and Fred S. Hall. The Russell Sage Foundation, New York. $1.50.

A treatise on child marriages in the United States.

FOURTEEN SONGS FROM "WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG," by A. A. MILNE. Music by H. Fraser-Simson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Songs from the popular and already famous book of verses about children by Mr. Milne. Here are the words set to Mr. Fraser-Simson's music and decorated by Mr. Shepard's excellent illustrations from the original volume.

JUNGLE-BORN. By John Eyton. The Century Company, New York. $2.

The story of a boy whose parents are killed by a tiger, while he is adopted by an ape.

THE LYING VALET, AND TWO OTHER FARCES. By David Garrick. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.60.

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES. By Rusticus. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.50.

Chapters bestowing blessings upon the dog, the pig, the hen, and other friends on the farm. Delightfully illustrated by Decie Merwin.

KELSEY'S RURAL GUIDE. By David Stone Kelsey. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.50.

A handbook of advice for farmers and gardeners.

MODERN MARRIAGE. By Paul Popenoe. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

A book of advice on whom and how to marry, on love, childbirth, and children.

MY HEART IN THE HILLS. By Charles Hansen. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $2.

Camping, fishing, and motoring in Colorado.

THE TRUE CRITERIA, AND OTHER POEMS. By C. Horatio Warrick. The Sojourner Press, Kansas City, Missouri.

A first volume of poems by a Negro poet.

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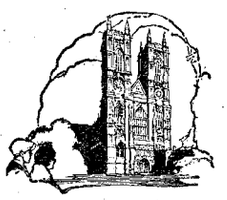

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WANTED, about May 15, at New Castle, Del. (6 miles from Wilmington), a mother's helper to assist with three children. Willing to go to mountains in summer. Address Mrs. Newlin T. Booth.

WANTED—Young Protestant, experienced governess-teacher for girl, 10. Country. Good salary; references. Lock Box 15, Fairville, Chester Co., Pa.

WOMAN—Publishing house has permanent sales position with executive future to offer woman of keen intelligence capable of earning $100 a week. Previous business experience not necessary, but experience in educational work helpful. Refinement and determination essential for success. Traveling required—all transportation paid—liberal drawing account and commission basis. Write, stating age and qualifications, to B. E. Sparrow, 50 W. 47th St., New York City.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CHAPERON or companion by lady touring Europe. EXPERIENCED. Will pay own expenses. References. Address 5,929, Outlook.

COLLEGE professor wishes vacation employment, June to September. Summer school, private instruction, or similar occupation. Care 5,907, Outlook.

CULTURED, educated young woman will travel with woman desiring useful, pleasant companionship. References. 5,948, Outlook.

DO you need church secretaries, parish visitors, club leaders, educational directors, camp personnel, etc.? EXECUTIVE SERVICE CORPORATION (agency), 1515 Pershing Square Building, New York City.

EXPERIENCED woman, practical nurse, desires position—matron, housemother, care invalid, any responsible position. 5,953, Outlook.

FRENCH GOVERNESS or COMPANION, experienced teacher, seeks position. References. 5,881, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, competent traveler, fluent French and German, wishes position chaperon or act as guide to party for European trip. Exceptional references. 5,967, Outlook.

HAIRDRESSER wants position in mountains for summer. 5,952, Outlook.

REFINED, companionable woman seeks work—helper in a pleasant home. References. American. 5,950, Outlook.

REFINED young teacher, music, desires summer position as companion or tutor, to travel abroad preferred. References exchanged. 5,918, Outlook.

SOUTHERN girl, recent college graduate, as tutor or companion for summer. Traveling preferred. Excellent references. 5,963, Outlook.

SPANISH instructor, woman of 28, college experience, desires Southern or Western position. 5,958, Outlook.

SUCCESSFUL English lady tutor, London Univ., French (Paris), piano (Leschetizky), athletic, would undertake chaperonage or teaching. Best school and private experience. Highest English and American references. 5,919, Outlook.

TUTORING position for summer. Yale graduate student. Three years' experience. 5,904, Outlook.

USEFUL companion or household assistant by refined, capable woman. 5,951, Outlook.

WELLESLEY graduate, 26, teaching and library experience, somewhat concerned with art and ideas, wishes to travel as tutor or possibly companion-secretary. Interview essential. Elizabeth Crawford, Westcott St., Syracuse, N. Y.

WOMAN, social and church worker, experienced, efficient, successful, wishes position until fall or later, in settlement, mission, institution, or church. Best references. 5,962, Outlook.

YOUNG AMERICAN MAN of good family wishes position for summer as traveling companion, secretary; work of any kind on yacht, country place. Speaks French, has initiative, is executive and efficient. Exceptional references. 5,921, Outlook.

YOUNG Norwegian lady, teacher of corrective exercises, wishes position as companion-governess. 5,959, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, university college instructor, experienced traveler, desires summer traveling or teaching position. 5,957, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

EXPERIENCED tutor, familiar with C. E. requirements, will receive limited number of girls for whom a summer of work, rest, and play in comfortable country home is desired. Address Miss Rosa B. Dickinson, Byways, Amherst, Mass.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. *Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.*

WANTED, Dutch treat woman companion, with auto; refined home in Old Lyme. References exchanged. Mrs. Ruth Tompkins, Black Hall, Conn.

MAINE lakeside private camp can accommodate two girls, 10-16. Refined; reasonable. Box 235, Fairfield, Me.

By the Way

THE accidental introduction of the white or cottony cushion scale from Australia about 1886 threatened to destroy the entire lemon and orange industry of California. Later a small beetle which feeds on the scale was brought from Australia and eliminated the scale almost entirely. But attempts to eradicate a pest by introducing its enemies are not always thus successful, says an article in the Rockefeller Foundation Report.

The rabbits taken to Australia for sport became a menacing nuisance and caused the abandonment of large areas; but when weasels were brought in to prey on the rabbits they turned instead to the farmers' poultry yards—about the only part of the farm left untouched by the rabbits!

From "Judge:"

Rastus Jackson, a thoroughly married darky, was one day approached by a life insurance agent.

"Better let me write you a policy, Rastus," suggested the agent.

"No, sah," declared Rastus emphatically, "Ah ain't any too safe at home as it is!"

Not Pullman Employees

IN your issue of April 8, on page 537, in an article by Mr. Ernest W. Mandeville, there occurs the following:

> While on the train to Cleveland, I happened in the dining-car at an off hour, and saw the Pullman employees sell and serve liquor to the passengers.

I am wondering if Mr. Mandeville has confused dining-car employees with Pullman employees, on the assumption that the Pullman Company operates dining-cars, which it does not. If that be true, of course he unwittingly, and you also, have done the Pullman Company an injustice. If, on the other hand, he has evidence that Pullman employees were engaged in the sale of liquor, won't you be good enough to ask him to furnish us with the date of the trip, the name or number of the train, and to give us all information in his possession which will enable us to make a thorough investigation? J. KEELEY.

The Pullman News
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Pullman Building, Chicago.

[Mr. Keeley is right and Mr. Mandeville was wrong. The men were not employed by the Pullman Company, but by the railroad. We regret very much the mistake which has done an injustice to the Pullman Company.—THE EDITORS.]

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